Adventures With God Under Six Flags

Elizabeth Roberts

SWEDEN
Japan
americamericamerica
KOREA

Adventures With God Under Six Flags

SWEDISH
AMERICAN
JAPANESE
RUSSIAN
KOREAN
PHILIPPINE

Elizabeth Roberts

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PREFACE

I trust this story of my adventures with God under six flags—Swedish, American, Japanese, Russian, Korean, Philippine—will encourage you to dedicate your life to Christian service, in order to live a happy and useful life for the Lord.

Thank God for friends whose loving prayers have upheld me, and may I prove more worthy of them each day.

To my family, for their loving, thoughtful understanding and help, their homes which were paradise for me whenever I came back from the mission field on my furloughs, I dedicate this book. I pray there will be some morsel sweet for them. I hope these pages will lead some heart to find God. I thank God for the years of service that have been such a joy and have brought me such happiness. To be able to accomplish something for His kingdom has been my aim.

And so I send my love to all who have been of help and comfort during the years I was on the mission field, and since I came home.

Elizabeth S. Roberts

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

With joy I present this record of some of the experiences I have had in my adventures with God under six flags.

Many hands have contributed to the production of this book, including artists and printers. Under the supervision of George M. Wilson, Executive Vice-President of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, production was guided by Lee Riddle, Manager of the Production and Art Dept.; and I wish to thank both gentlemen for their help. I also want to express my appreciation for the assistance given by Henrietta Williams, who worked on the editing of the book.

I pray that this book will encourage many young people to devote their lives to God and His service.

E. R.

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CHAPTER I

Early Years

My parents were harmoniously married. Father was head of the family. Mother had a great imagination and humor. My father joined the standing army at the age of eighteen and by doing that he got a home and some acres of farming land. He worked hard and mother was a wonderful homemaker.

Our home was a small log cabin painted red, one large kitchen and a porch downstairs, and one room on the second floor. We had only a few acres of land but we were able to have two cows, a pig, chickens and a calf—mustn't forget the calf. There was an open fireplace that we could cook on. We had to use large iron rings to hang the pots on over the fire. Water and wood had to be carried in. In the middle of the kitchen hung a wire and there hung the kerosene lamp. There was a large oven—made of brick and heated by wood—where the baking was done. Mother had a long-handled broom to sweep out the ashes after we had raked up the coals. The broom was made from pine branches.

She made a hardtack rye bread from water, salt, yeast, and rye and white flour rolled out very thin and round, with a hole in the middle, like a doughnut. With a long-handled spade she put from six to eight of them, rolled out, into the oven. After baking, they were put on long poles to dry hanging from our kitchen ceiling. When they were dry, they were packed away in wooden boxes. Mother, needing material for clothing and linen, raised the flax and prepared it for spinning, carded the wool from the sheep and knitted all our stockings. "Do-it-yourself" was the slogan for the day at that time. Nothing was ready-made. After the potatoes were picked and put into the cellar, the potato flour was made. We brewed our drinks from malt. In the fall, the pig was slaughtered for Christmas. I did not like to hear the pig squeal so I would run away in the woods while the slaughtering was going on, but I did enjoy the pork. It was salted down in large, wooden containers for the winter.

I was born in Uppsala county, Sweden, in a country village among trees, birds, animals and flowers. Often I sat in an apple tree eating my meals, looking up at the beautiful, heavenly sky.

My father was a soldier in the army and in those days his pay was rather on the small side. We children grew up in rather poor circumstances. We never starved, but lacked in playthings and books. Instead, we had one another as the family grew to twelve children. I was the middle one, the seventh. That's a Bible number and I have a Bible name: Elizabeth, which means "coming down from heaven." Being one of so many children—perhaps that was better than playthings and riches. Also, Nature provided us entertainment. My first recollection of being outside was tumbling into a big snowdrift when my brothers had me on a sled going down a hill. Once more in my life, when I was grown, I fell off a sled. I was in western Siberia riding on a sled drawn by a horse, sitting on a load of Red Cross supplies.

My parents were Lutherans so all of us were baptized and confirmed in the church. My father took me to church when I was five years old. Services lasted one hour or more. In those days the Lutheran church had no Sunday Schools. Father was very strict. If we did not go to church he made us stay inside during the service until the people had gone by our home on their way home and—my!—how long that seemed. When I was ten, a Sunday School was started by a young man who was a Baptist. It was held in different homes, and we sat on long, wooden boards without back rests.

In the summer we met out on the hillside where nature also taught us lessons among birds and insects, rivers, hills, and the forest with different trees and flowers. The teacher had a hard time keeping us interested in the Bible lesson.

When I was nine years old we had a Sunday School missionary visiting and we met up on a hayloft. (I can still smell the hay, and remember the temptation to tumble around in it.) At this time I felt the Lord Jesus speaking to me. When the missionary asked if we had been disobedient to our parents, I raised my hand and said, "Yes." He had us kneel in the hay and he prayed for us. There I met with my Lord, realizing I needed forgiveness.

And as prayer and work go together, I was determined to start and practice obeying right away. Coming home I had opportunity to help. My oldest sister was partly an invalid, and often she would ask me to help in the household. I would answer her, "Go and do it yourself," and run out to play. Now I had promised Jesus that I would obey and help. So I carried in wood for the stove and water, made the beds, and in every way was kind to everybody. At the end of the day, my sister came to me and said, "What has changed you so?" I answered, "I met Jesus in Sunday School today." And she gave me 5 öre —that is Swedish money, about a penny in American money—saying, "This is all I have and you are to have it, because you have been so helpful and good."

Yes, Christ Jesus, when we open our hearts to Him, enters in and gives us strength to be good. That was the time that I gave my heart and life to Christ.

Also in Sunday School we learned about the mission work in other lands. One missionary told a story of a little African girl. She was crying and said that no one had told her about Jesus. For days, that story was with me, and I said, "Lord Jesus, please send me to Africa. I will tell Sara about you." My call to be a missionary began at that time.

As I look back on many of my experiences, I can see the hand of God like a guiding thread through my whole life. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform"—in His calling people to His service.

I did not become an angel by any means. One has to be learning continually in the school of life. But I do know of the love and strength that Christ Jesus gives if we strive to do His will and obey His commands.

School days were happy days for me. When summer vacation came, I felt lonely. I was a sturdy girl and enjoyed using my strength. One day in school I had trouble with some boys and they told me, "When you leave to go home, we are going to get you." But I fooled them: I went through a wooded area instead of along the road, until I at last reached my home. During school vacation, we children had to work around our house. The government was reforesting, as the timber had been cut down, so the men prepared the soil and we children had to follow to drop in the seed. All day long we did this and earned a little money. Several summers I became a shepherdess, watching cows and sheep grazing, and what a job that was! At times I got lonely. Then I used to climb up on a high rock and lecture the animals, but I would call it preaching. Often a cow or sheep would go astray in the middle of my speech, and I would have to run.

My mother was a wonderful Christian. She would take me along to prayer meetings that were held in different homes. One prayer I heard her say on her knees was, "Dear Lord, help me to live close to thee, that when I reach the home in thy presence I can say, 'Here am I, and the children you have given me.' "

At one Christmas vacation, my work was away from home. I was about twelve years old and took care of a three-year-old baby way off in the woods. I was very homesick and when time came for school to begin, I was the happiest girl in the world, as I planned to get home to the family. Two days before school began, I took the little that I had and started off. It was late in the evening and dark. The mother of the child had had something she wanted to do and I had had to care for the child. She told me, "You can wait until tomorrow," but I said, "No, I am going to my home." I had four miles to go through a wooded area and a river to cross over. I reached the river, stepped on the ice, and it broke away. Then what was I to do? I saw a light in the window at my home some distance away. It had been thawing in recent days and the ice was broken up. In the far distance, there was a bridge but now it was dark and late, and I was afraid of the dark.

Then a remembrance came to my mind of a Sunday School teacher I had who had said God sent guardian angels to save the children who were in danger, so I said to myself, "You try it—ask Him to send an angel to take you across this river." So I knelt down in the snow and prayed, "Jesus, I am in danger. Will you please send my guardian angel to help me? I promise to kneel down on the other side of this river to thank you, and I shall be good, and love and serve you." On the strength of that prayer, I crossed the river. How I yet do not know, but I kept my promise and knelt in the snow. As I came inside the door of my home, the first thing my mother said to me was, "How did you get over the river?" "My guardian angel brought me over," was my answer.

Summer vacation again found me caring for another baby, a year old, on a farm. I had to work a lot of my time, there was no time to play, and often at night I shed a few tears because other children in the village were out playing. But one joy I had for working during the summer was that I had earned a little baby pig. My! How proud I was when my mother came to take it home. It was at this time, when I had to take care of other children and my younger sisters and brothers in my own home, that I made up my mind I would never choose to take care of children, not dreaming that my life work was to be in charge of a maternity hospital.

At thirteen I had finished school and had to be confirmed, and was sent to a family—a retired schoolteacher, who was also organist in the Lutheran church, and his wife. Here in the summer, every day at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., I had to ring the bell in the large tower called, in Swedish, "klockstapel." Six rings at 6 A.M., six rings at 6 P.M., to let people know what time it was, and I had to be on time. It was also my job to air the church during the day. The church stood in the center of the cemetery.

One day I remembered, late in the evening, that I had forgotten to close the door of the church that day. The people I worked for had gone away, and I was afraid of the ghosts in the graveyard. I had a huge iron key, and it made a noise when I locked the church door. Well, the ghosts did not appear that night and I got home safely. Again, I thanked my guardian angel for protection.

I couldn't dance but hoped to learn. I went to a dance against mother's advice. When it was time to go home, a young man took me home and he was half drunk. I was disgusted with him. After I got home, I spent some time crying and knew I had done wrong in going to a place where dancing and drinking were part of the program. So I asked the Lord to forgive me. That was the first and last dance I have been to. At this time a girl friend of mine went to a dance where she drank ice water, went outdoors to cool off after dancing, and in a few days she was dead of pneumonia. That made a tremendous impression on me.

At 15 years of age I went to a missionary meeting where they took up a collection for missions, and I had no money. My sister, who was older, gave some money. I felt so bad because I had no money to give. After the collection we had prayer. We knelt down on the floor, and I prayed aloud for the first time in a public meeting. I prayed a simple prayer, "Dear God, I have no money to give, but I will give my life to your service." The minister came over to me and put his hand on my head and prayed, "Thank you, Lord God, for this missionary. I dedicate her to your service." This was my first public consecration to His service. It had a life-long effect on me, and I thank God for that.

At sixteen, my wanderlust started. I left the country life behind and went to a city to find work. Well do I remember the train ride and feeling a little afraid of the future. When I got to the city I was bewildered. I had the address of the family where I was to work but I did not know the way to get there. I asked a lady at the station how to get to the address I had but she was very unkind, saying, "I don't want to bother about you." The loneliness and bitterness I felt were keen so I decided to ignore the woman and turned to a man, an entire stranger. He was most kind and said he would take me there. We walked quite a distance. When we got to the house I thanked him and gave him 25 öre in Swedish money (about 10¢ in American money). That was almost all I had but I was glad to share it because of his kindness. The family where I was to work had five children, so again it was to help look after babies. When I left, the father of the family said, "Elizabeth, you should continue as you have started. You have a great future ahead of you."

At this time, I had a desire to learn to cook, so that some day I would be able to cook for the King of Sweden, but instead I was called to serve the King of kings, the Lord.

"God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar" (Psalm 118:27). Shall we not ask to be bound to the altar, that we may never retreat from our commitment to Christ? There are times when life is full of light, but when the sky is gray, we shrink from our commitment, and it is well to be bound.

With one suitcase, I left for the capital city of Stockholm on the train. My sister in Stockholm had arranged a place for me. The family she was working for had a sister with a family of five: mother, father and three children. There I had to cook, clean and help with the children. I was a stranger in the big city. This family did not attend any church like the one I had left, who took me to the Methodist church, and I missed that very much. Left without anyone to guide me in the goal of a Christian life, it was hard for a seventeen-year-old girl. Temptation is always there. One Sunday, my sister and I had planned to go to an amusement place where they had dances and also there was some drinking. But that Sunday the neighbor of my sister had to go out, and my sister was told to stay home and care for her two children. So when I came to her house she told me she couldn't go. I was very disappointed. Soon I was going back to my home feeling very sad.

As I walked along feeling sorry for myself, I came in sight of a church tower so I thought to myself, "Why not go inside there?" I asked a lady who was going into the church what kind of a church it was. She told me it was a Methodist church. The tower was high and I could see it in the far distance. I went up the high stairway and sat down in the auditorium. The preacher was a young man whose text was about the rich man and Lazarus. I can, to this day, hear him when he put the question to the congregation, "What will you choose tonight: to be with the rich man, or with Lazarus in Paradise?" I said, "My choice is to be with Lazarus." After this, we went downstairs for a prayer meeting. I remembered how my sister and I had planned to go to the amusement place, but that was not the place for young girls. Temptation calls to young and old. As we knelt in prayer, I felt guilty and wept.

The minister came and asked me if I loved the Lord Jesus and I said, "Yes, I do but I am not satisfied." Remembering my sister's and my plans for that afternoon, I told him I wanted to be more perfect and he said, "You are young and you will grow into perfection as you grow older."

As an illustration he said, "Take a knife that needs cleaning. How you have to rub and rub to get it to shine! So it is with the Christian life:

you grow in grace as your years go, day by day," and I was very much helped. With me sat a young woman who was a schoolteacher and she talked to me and asked my address. I went home and when I was alone with the Lord I prayed until I really had peace of heart and mind. That was the beginning of my attending the Methodist church.

This young woman, the schoolteacher, came on Wednesday and asked me if I wouldn't come to a prayer meeting, and I was very happy to go. Then on Sunday the young people were meeting and she invited me to join them. From then on, I was in the Methodist church. I got in with the young people and their work and it helped my goal in the spiritual life. They had six months probation in the Methodist church, and after that I was taken into the church as a member. I shall never forget the evening service when we were taken into full membership. There were twenty-six young men and women who joined the church that day, and I thank the Lord for the ministry of that church that helped me to grow more and more into a fuller Christian life that I needed, as young as I was. As a member of the Methodist church, I attended, each Tuesday and Thursday, prayer meetings which were very helpful. The leader of the prayer meeting asked me from time to time how much I had grown in grace during the week. Each one gave a testimony. It was a great help in my young Christian life.

Then I joined the Epworth League and took an active part there visiting the shut-ins. We went to the homes for old people on Wednesdays to cheer them, and at times we carried refreshments with us for them. I even tried to teach a Sunday School class of eight boys but there I failed. Had to give it up. I never had the gift of teaching and that was a great disappointment to me, but we don't all have the talent of being able to teach. Being with the young men and women in the church, one was bound to meet with romance which is normal, of course, at that age. As much as I wanted to marry and have a home, I also remembered that I had a missionary calling as a teen-ager. That I was sure of, so I realized it again at that time. Again and again the Lord spoke to me, so romance was out.

At this time I lost my youngest sister, twelve years old, from complications of scarlet fever. She loved Jesus. At the hospital she told Mother before she died that she had a vision of Jesus telling her He would soon come and take her home. I lived in Stockholm at that time and I did not know that she was then in the hospital. I was very close to my sister. She and I seemed to be closer than some of the others of us were, and she wanted to see me and tell me what a wonderful vision she had of the Lord Jesus in His glorious heaven. I went as soon as I could get to the hospital in Uppsala, but she passed away before I got there. Mother told me that just before she died she sang songs with a heavenly voice. No one could understand a word, but all the doctors and nurses crowded into her room to listen to her heavenly singing. Mother said it was a wonderful experience and all the doctors and nurses could not understand, as young as she was, how she could have had that wonderful heavenly vision. My father had passed away four years before her. I grieved a great deal at my sister's passing and at not being with her before she died. I wished I could have seen her and heard her tell me of the interesting vision she had. At her funeral, I caught a bad cold that developed into tuberculosis and had to spend six months in the country with my mother.

I recovered and went to work in a bakery in Stockholm.

One day while I was working, busy making cookies and coffee bread, the doorbell rang. It was the mailman, who gave me the newspaper from the Methodist church in Stockholm. Then he said, "You don't read a paper like this! You are always showing a happy smiling face. I have never met a Christian who looked happy, only long-faced jacks." I said to him, "The reason I have a happy face is that I am a very happy Christian." It made a great impression on me and I never forgot it, and trust the good Lord will keep me smiling all the days of my life.

I had a wonderful place to work. There were six women, all sisters, who had never married; and they had started this fine bakery. I spent three years with them and I had a very, very fine position and enjoyed it very much. As time went on, I realized they were dependent upon me. More and more they showed me that some day perhaps I would be able to take over the business, because they were that much older than I was. But at this time I realized I had to begin to think about training if I was going to be a missionary, as I realized the Lord had called me. And it is a difficult thing to have a call and not see a way or opening for education. Well, as time went on I began to wonder how I would get my education. At that time, the sisters told me they had expected me to take over their business. They wanted to retire and felt I was the one who should take it over. But I had to tell them that I did not feel the Lord wanted me to stay and take over their business, fine as it was.

So I finally decided I wanted to take training to be a nurse. That was difficult to get in Sweden. It cost quite a bit and I didn't have the money because as a youth I had to work for my living. My father died when I was sixteen, and it was up to us children to help mother. So at this time I was wondering how I could get my education for my missionary calling. I wanted to be a nurse and I did not have the money.

It was then that I started to think about getting to America. I had a sister and brother in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and I wrote to them. They suggested to me that I should prepare to come, and I believe it was the Lord's leading. He has led me all the way. It has been so all through my life, an assurance of His guidance. I believe in the guidance of the Lord.

There is a dream I had that I could never forget. I dreamed I was on my way to heaven. The road was very narrow and on both sides were all kinds of wild animals and people that would scare me. But I said to myself, "They are not allowed on the road, if I go straight in the middle." So I walked on and on, and I kept in the middle of the road. Soon I reached the gates to heaven and they opened outward to let me in. Shortly after I entered, it seemed I was in a vast eternity, but as I went on there were groups of people everywhere, all kinds of colors, sitting in groups, and some were crying. I went to the groups and asked why they were weeping and they said, "No one has told us about Jesus," and I said, "I have come to tell you." I sat down to teach them. Then I woke up and, to this day, that dream is very real. And I believe it was another reminder that the Lord had called me for missionary work. So time went on and the Lord led me all the way.

I started to tell you about my emigration when I decided to leave Sweden. It took me a long time to decide what to do. I had a good job and a great future, and I was happy in taking part in the church work in Stockholm. I prayed and asked the Lord to guide me. I read in Habakkuk 2:1, where it said what the prophet had done, "I will take my stand to watch, and station myself on the tower, and look forth to see what God will say to me." I had asked God's guidance and He showed me the way. "Fear thou not for I am with you. Be not dismayed for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee. Yea, I will help thee. I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

CHAPTER II

Immigration to the United States of America

I left Sweden in September, 1907, and took with me my youngest sister, only fifteen years old. It was hard for us to leave mother and seven sisters and brothers, but it was the Lord's command for me. We took a steamer from Göteborg to England over the stormy North Sea, and both of us were seasick. Accommodations were poor. The padding in the bunks was straw and not much more. We landed in Hull, England, and took the train to Southampton. As we went through London at the station they served us coffee, black, in large mugs, which we did not enjoy. From Southampton we came on an English boat to New York and had much better accommodations. Neither of us could speak any English. From the boat they took us to Ellis Island where all immigrants had to go as they landed. A doctor looked us over and told us we were in good shape. He told us not to lose our Swedish complexions by eating candy, pie and other rich things. While we were on Ellis Island, they were selling pie on the streets. We bought lemon pies, but—my!—they were not good. So we left them in the street—couldn't eat them. We had better food in Sweden. But since then we have learned to eat good lemon pie and have gotten American complexions!

The train ride from New York to Minneapolis was thrilling—all so new and everything so big and grand. We arrived in Minneapolis on October

7, 1907, and what a joy to meet our brother and sister, whom we hadn't seen for three years. Then we had to start planning what we could do to earn a living. My sister started to work in the Home for working girls that was maintained by the First Covenant Church. I started to work for a family on Portland Avenue—housework, cooking, cleaning. There were four in the family: husband, wife, a boy twelve years old and a special nurse, as the lady of the house was in poor health. My sister had worked for this family before me and now she was planning to take nurse's training at Swedish Hospital. This family did not understand any Swedish and I spoke no English. You can imagine my situation. It was hard but by listening to them talking I soon learned, and right away started night school to learn the language.

The boy in the family was very helpful. The second day I was there he came out in the kitchen and pointed to the stove, and I never forgot the word "stove." Fortunately, I knew how to cook and do the work. One day in the dining room they rang the bell while they were eating and I went in. They said it was a mistake but their words sounded to me, in my Swedish, like "more steak" and I had no more steak. I had given them all that I had. I shook my head and went out. After the meal, the boy took a Swedish-English dictionary and showed me what it meant.

The lady had tuberculosis and, hence, when she wanted to go sit in the garden, the nurse and I used to carry her down and she used to tell me I should learn to be a nurse. I was much stronger than the nurse she had. I earned $3.00 a week—not much, but money was of value at that time. After three years she died and the nurse left. I shall never forget when the nurse told me that the man was going to ask me to take care of all running of the home for him and the boy. I was scared and shed a few tears of fright but promised to try my very best. I spent three years with them. Then he married the nurse who took care of his wife.

Homesick as I was the first year, I perhaps had never known before what homesickness really was. I was planning to return to Sweden. I didn't feel I could stand it any more in Minneapolis. Then one day as I was standing in the kitchen washing the dishes, the Lord spoke to me directly, while I was standing there planning my trip back to Sweden. A voice spoke to me. I heard the voice as if it was right beside me. It said, "Elizabeth, I need you for the mission field."

I said, "No, Lord, I am so homesick now I cannot go." Then a clear, small voice said, "I gave my life for you. What will you give for me?" I left the kitchen, went to my room, locked the door and, like in days of old, I was with God until I could say, "Lord, I am willing to go wherever you want me to go." I knew definitely that the Lord had called me. From now on, I wondered how I could get an education for the call. I told the Lord it was up to Him to show me. It was a trying time but I put my trust in God and waited. It is hard to have to wait when one has the call but, as I knew my God was a covenant-keeping God who had called me, He would help me to get the education I needed for the mission field.

One summer day I was talking to the deaconess from my church, First Swedish Methodist Church, where I belonged (I came to that church with a letter from my church in Sweden). She was with her sister, also a deaconess, who was working in the Chicago Training School for City Homes and Foreign Missions. I was talking with them about my plans, what I was planning to do and how the Lord would guide me. I did not know where to turn. I had no one to help me and there I was with the call directly from the Lord Himself but I saw no way of getting my education.

Then this deaconess from Chicago said to me, "Would you be interested in coming to the Chicago Training School for City Homes and Foreign Missions?" I said, "Well, I haven't got any money to pay the tuition." "Oh," she said, "I shall speak to the principal, who is Mrs. Meyer, and find out," and then, in no time, I had a letter from Mrs. Meyer in Chicago saying, "If you are not able to pay for the tuition or for room and board, you can work for your tuition and room and board." So she asked, or rather urged, me to come to Chicago. I filled out an application, they accepted me and I went. My work was to clean the chapel. Every morning I got up at six o'clock and the chapel was clean for the morning devotions. I spent a year there—this was in 1910, and I was there until 1911—when I came back to Minneapolis and finally made arrangements for my nurse's training. Mrs. Meyer wrote to Asbury Deaconess Hospital in Minneapolis and recommended me. I was accepted, so I entered Asbury Deaconess Hospital training school in May, 1911. It was with a trembling feeling that I entered, wondering how I would make it, but the good Lord helped me and the three years of training were a joy.

The last year in training, I got diptheria. This was three months before my graduation in 1914. I was then head nurse on the surgical floor, and I really was sick. When I came on duty that morning, I could hardly talk. During the night, I had helped take care of my brother, who had had surgery during the day. When the nurse superintendent saw me, she said, "You are not fit to work," and she sent me to be in Room 100 on the main floor. I was desperately sick and running a high fever. During the day I got much worse and a specimen from my throat was sent to the City Hospital to find out what it really was.

During that day I was extremely ill. I couldn't get my breath, had a high fever, and felt that I was choking. I really felt I was dying. I raised up in bed with what little strength I had and said a prayer, not a long prayer, but this was it, "Dear Lord, I am now ready to go into full-time Christian service. Please save my life." Then, back on my pillow, I had a vision of the heavenly choir singing, "Glory, glory to God in the highest." It was a vision I have never forgotten and never will.

From that time on, I began to get better and I believe it was the Lord who answered my prayer. I believe I had faith in my Savior and that this was a trying experience, but it turned out to be a glorious experience for me. I recovered and I thank God for that heavenly experience that was so glorious and so inspiring. To this very day as I go past that hospital, I always remember that beautiful vision coming back to me again and again, and I praise God from whom all blessings flow.

When the report came back from the hospital that it was diptheria, I was put into isolation in the unfinished part of the hospital. There was a room there that was ready to have patients, and I was isolated with a special nurse. Gradually, I got a little better. Finally, when I was able to begin reading, I was provided with a nurses' quiz book with questions and answers for all diseases. I read it, studied it, and almost memorized it. I had three weeks in isolation when I was starting to feel good and I wanted to read, and I had that book. I was very grateful to have it because I learned a great deal from it. In the fall we had to take our State Board examinations to be registered nurses, and I can assure you I was thankful for those weeks I had, to study up on all the questions. I passed my State Board examinations with an average of 85, which pleased me very much. Perhaps it was providential that

I was ill with diptheria and had that time to study. And so, all things work for good for those who love the Lord.

I am grateful to Asbury Hospital for the good training I had there during those three years. It has been a wonderful help to me all through my nursing career and with my medical work in Korea. I shall not forget the time when the superintendent of nurses asked me to take the position of night supervisor. I said, "I cannot do it." But she said, "Miss Roberts, if I knew you couldn't do it, I would not have asked you to." So, with tears and trembling, I promised to try and that trying lasted for nine months. That was another experience for me but I am very grateful for it, because as I went out on the mission field I could look back on many things I learned during those nine months when I was a supervisor at Asbury Deaconess Hospital.

After graduation in 1914, I sent my application to the Women's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church, Minneapolis branch. Then I was called for many interviews by the officers of the society. At that time, also in 1914, I joined the American Red Cross. In due time, the women accepted me to be their missionary. My preference was Africa but at that time there was no opening to send me there, so I told them I would go anywhere they would send me.

At this time, 1915, I had only my first paper to become an American citizen. There had to be two years between the first and second papers and I would not get the second until the following year, so I was detained until November, 1916. The Women's Board wrote that I would be sent to the Philippines, as that was American territory at that time, but the State Department said, "No, she must stay in the U.S.A."

However, in 1915 I was allowed to go to Sweden with my sister. I had three months for a vacation during the summer. While there, I had to have an appendectomy. I had been in the hospital four years with no operations, but suddenly it seemed that one was necessary. I had to enter the hospital in Stockholm. After one month, my sister and I went to the north part of Sweden to see the midnight sun and visit another sister there. We took the train part way but we had to ride our bicycles, which we had along with us, for about forty miles. Before reaching our destination I fell off the bicycle exhausted, but I was young and recovered quickly.

In 1915 I went back to the Chicago Training School and was graduated in June, 1916. I worked for my room and board as I had done before I took my nurse's training. I enjoyed my studies at the Training School in Chicago and was grateful for the two years I had there, which helped me a great deal.

CHAPTER III

Medical Work in Seoul, Korea

I was sent to Korea in 1916 by the Women's Society of Christian Service in the Methodist Church. I had to answer a good many questions on the application and one was an unnerving one. It was this question, "Is she good to live with?" I had to have three people sign the application so I asked one of the doctors at Asbury Hospital to be one of them. I knew him quite well and I wanted him to sign it. At this question, "Is she good to live with?" his answer was, "I don't know. I haven't lived with her." Amusing, of course, but the Women accepted me anyway. Another point was that if I married "within the next five years" in the field, the Women's Board would not be responsible to pay my fare home, so I didn't do it and am single yet at 88. After I was accepted by the Women's Board and knowing without a doubt that my calling was from the Lord, yet temptation came to me in a letter from my sister.

At that time she was superintendent of a hospital in Omaha and she wrote that she needed an assistant superintendent and would I consider coming? She said in the letter, "You have struggled hard to get your nurse's training. Now you are an R.N., and if you go into the mission field you will have to begin again to learn a new language and go through all the trouble." It was very tempting. I began to reason that perhaps that was so and then I thought, "Well, maybe the Lord really won't send me, and will find a better nurse with training better than mine."

As I was thinking and praying about it, just then word came from the Methodist Women's Board that they were ready to send me to Korea. I knew then that it was God's plan for me and I can say from my heart that if I had ten lives, I would give them to the Lord. His guidance has been evident through my whole life and I have great joy, peace and happiness in His service. I have the promise from the Lord in Psalm 32:8, a wonderful promise, "I will instruct you and teach you in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide you with my eye." I claimed that promise from the very beginning and I claim it yet. It has been wonderful.

There is nothing like His guidance. It is perfect. Jesus is a perfect guide and His guidance is clear to the degree of our union with Him, to the measure of our dedication to His will to obey His Spirit, and to walk according to His life and teachings. Where there is uncertainty, turn to the Guide. He has been the leader directly for me with such a certainty and authority at times that there was nothing left for me but to obey. All through my life His guidance has run like a red thread. Oh, the joy of protective guidance! To know that every detail of our lives will be planned by Christ—just to wait for guidance in every step. The thought of this teaching has given me great joy. He guides the humble in what is right, and teaches the humble His ways. Here we have both guidance and teachings—wonderful to have complete trust in the Lord.

Preparation to go to the field was a very time-consuming thing. I had to prepare for the next five years, as we couldn't buy anything in the field in those days. I had to buy shoes, dresses, coats, and then for traveling had to get the trunks, suitcases, bedding and what not. I was doing private nursing at the time to earn the money for my outfit, so the free hours of afternoons off were busy choosing dresses and getting everything. At last all was ready.

Then came the sadness. When I left the Methodist Church in Stockholm, Sweden, they sent me off with this verse of Scripture. It was from Psalm 125:2, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from this time forth and for evermore." What a wonderful promise of protection! At the farewell in the Methodist Church in Minneapolis they gave me another Scripture verse, Isaiah 43:1, "But now thus says the Lord, he who created you, O Jacob, he who formed you, O Israel, Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name, you are mine. When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; when you walk through fire you shall not be burned, and the flame shall not consume you. For I am the Lord your God." The young people of Immanuel Church gave me a golden cross with the inscription that was the motto of the Epworth League, "Look up and lift up." That was a wonderful gift that I often looked at when I needed to look up and lift up. My class motto at Asbury Hospital was very simple, one word: "Others." The consecration service was held at the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church. Bishop Herbert Wells conducted the service. We were several missionaries at this consecration, going to different countries. It was a blessed service as the Bishop and minister laid their hands on our heads. It was something to be remembered. God was in our midst.

Then on November 5, 1916, I left Minneapolis by train for San Francisco, saying farewell to family and friends. That evening during my evening devotions on the train, I read this comforting promise in Joshua 1:9 "Have not I commanded you? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be dismayed; for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go."

I sailed from San Francisco on a Japanese steamer with twenty or more missionaries who were going to different mission fields, and Bishop and Mrs. Wells who were going to Japan and Korea. It was their first trip to the mission field, and during the years I have had wonderful associations with them. They were wonderful people and a great help with my work in Korea.

I had a very pleasant trip, and the weather was good. We got to Honolulu, Hawaii, and there we spent two days. It is a wonderful, beautiful place. There I came in contact with Korean girls. The Methodist Women had a home for them in Honolulu. We took several trips around Hawaii. Then we landed in Yokohama, Japan. There the president of the steamship company invited Bishop and Mrs. Wells and all of us missionaries to his palace home and garden. Coming back on the bus, we were amused at Bishop Wells' remark, "Did any of you taste the kick in the soft drink?" None of us had. We were all amused. I spent a night in Tokyo with the missionaries.

The next day, all alone, I started on the train to the port of Shimonoseki in southern Japan. There I took a steamer to Pusan, Korea, and it was a twelve-hour trip to cross the strait between Japan and Korea. Pusan is the southernmost city in Korea. Then we rode by train to Seoul, the capital city of Korea. All the way I was wondering what the future would hold for me, but I knew the Lord had sent me there with His promise of guidance and strength and wisdom for the days to come.

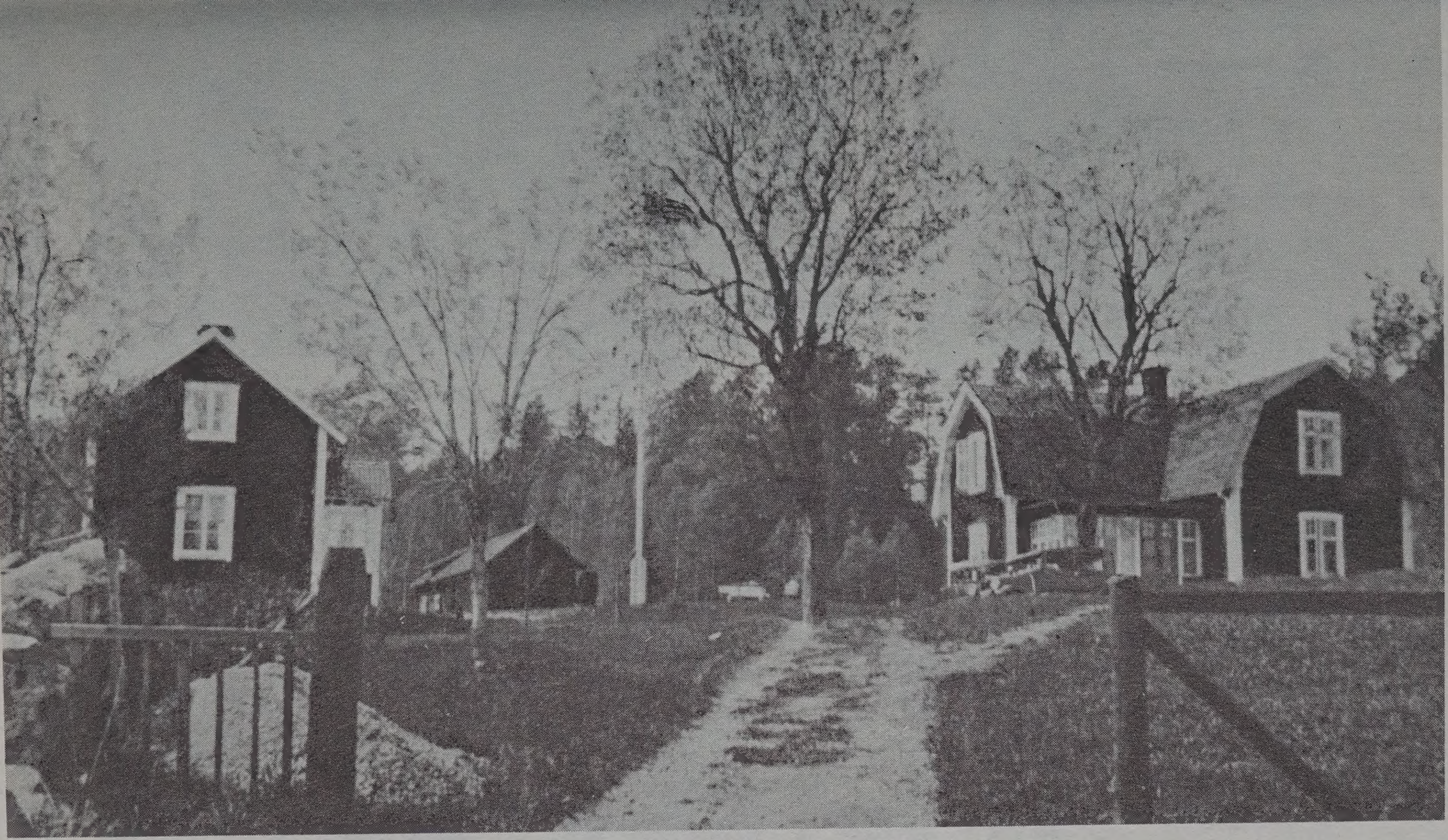
Korea is a beautiful country. Gold and silver mines, and chains of mountains cross and recross Korea. There are networks of valleys in between the mountains. Korea, as it came from the hands of God, is beautiful. Mountains on every side. Korea is a farming and village country. Everywhere I saw the many villages in the country, with agriculture and fishing occupying many of the people. Many rivers are sufficiently abundant to water the land. In the spring, hills and valleys become alive with color from the azaleas: pink, to snowy white, to the deepest orange. Beautiful flowers. Hillsides are covered with these wild azaleas. The climate is good. There are extremes of temperature, from 10° below to 100° above zero. Snow, to the depth of three feet, lies on the ground for three months of the year. The most depressing of all the seasons is when the heavy rains fall in July and August—called the rainy season. Everything molds overnight. You take your shoes off at night and in the morning they are green with mold. Autumn is beautiful.

The natives live mostly on rice, millet, some meat and fruit. The best apples are raised in Korea, and delicious persimmons and pears. A pickle, or you might call it sauerkraut, is made in the fall to last all winter. It is made of raw cabbage, or what looks like lettuce—with turnips, onions, wild asparagus, red pepper, garlic, meat, beans and salt, flavored with ginger very, very strongly, all cut up fine and put between the leaves of the cabbage after it is washed, cleaned and soaked in salt water. Then they pack it in earthen jars, covered and dug down in the ground for the winter. You can tell from the breath of a person that he has feasted on this "pickle," as the Koreans call it. It's fine with the rice, and there's so much of it available.

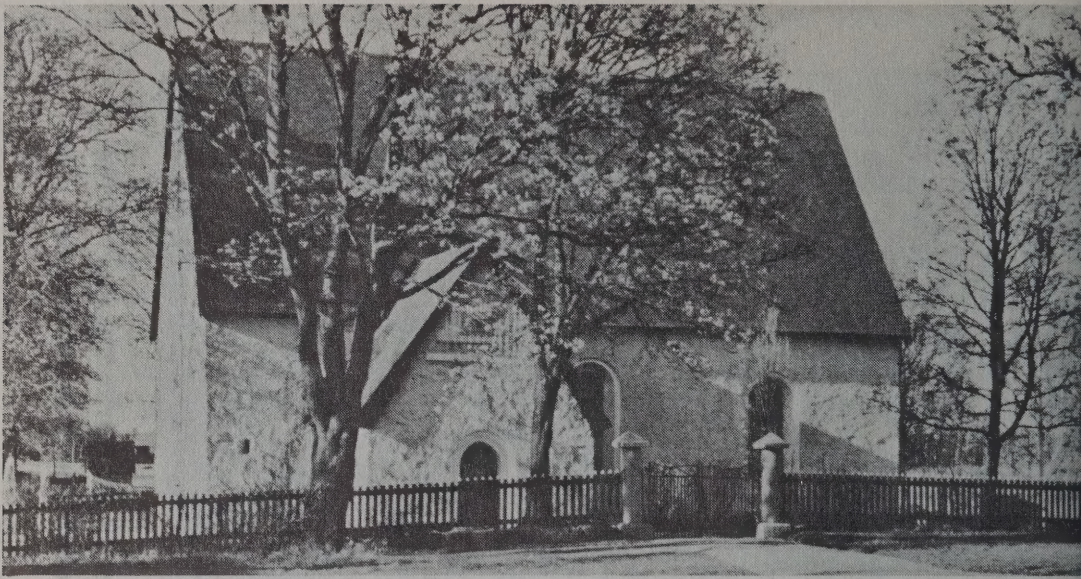
Women's Foreign Missionary Society medical work in Seoul has the distinction of being the first of its kind in Korea, by women for women, because Korean women lived in seclusion for centuries and, hence, the necessity of women doctors. In 1887, the medical work was started by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. Difficulties and problems had to be overcome. There was great superstition and ignorance. The women believed the doctors would kill little children and use their hearts and eyes for medicine. Mothers carried on their backs babies who had smallpox. Round holes on their heads had been burned with a hot needle to help the heads that were full of sores. Blindness often followed this treatment. The women believed that sickness was caused by evil spirits who entered the person. That was part of their religion, and they must let the evil spirits out; hence, the needle treatments.

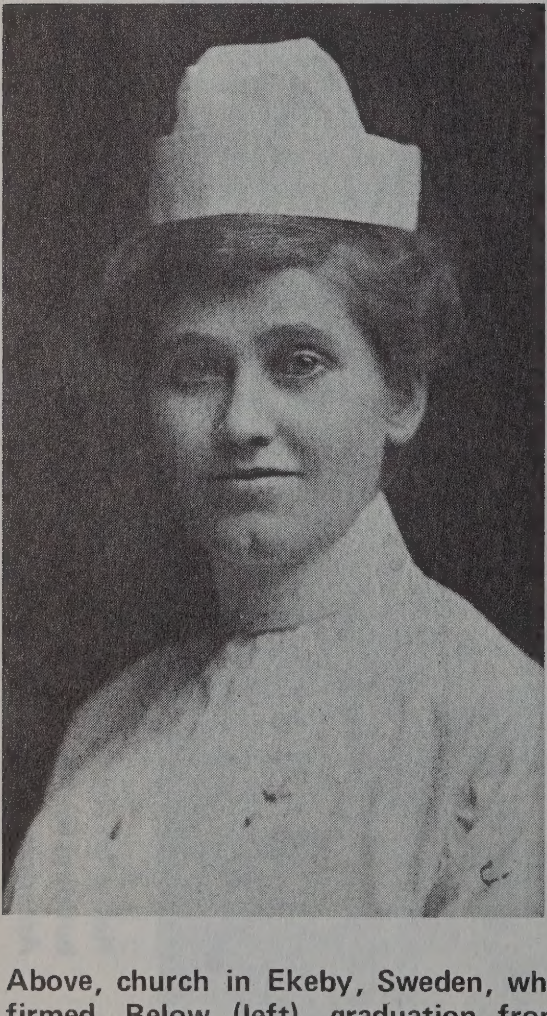
In 1884, a hospital was opened for patients; and it was there I started my thirty years of service, in 1916. In 1902, the Nurses' Training School was started. There was at that time no name for nurses. You had to invent one. The first Korean woman to enter nurse's training was without a finger and thumb on her right hand, and also with a part of her nose bitten off by a jealous husband. The second was a deformed cripple. Owing to the custom of early marriages, it was difficult to get competent young women for the term of six years' training, because many of them could hardly read when they entered. The effort of those early days in nursing has greatly changed the attitude toward nursing. In the early days it was the work of the slaves, and when they were ready to die many people were carried outside of the city walls to die. They had no nurses—no help. Now they are getting good trained girls, high school graduates, so the nursing profession during the last fifty years has changed considerably.

The year 1908 saw the graduation of three Korean doctors trained in the Japanese government hospital, and they did a great work for the women and children in Korea. I worked with one



House on right was built by Elizabeth Roberts' father and was her home as a teen-ager in Sweden. In the building on the left they did their laundry and cooking in the summer. Building in rear was the barn. The American flag was brought by Miss Roberts from the U.S.A.

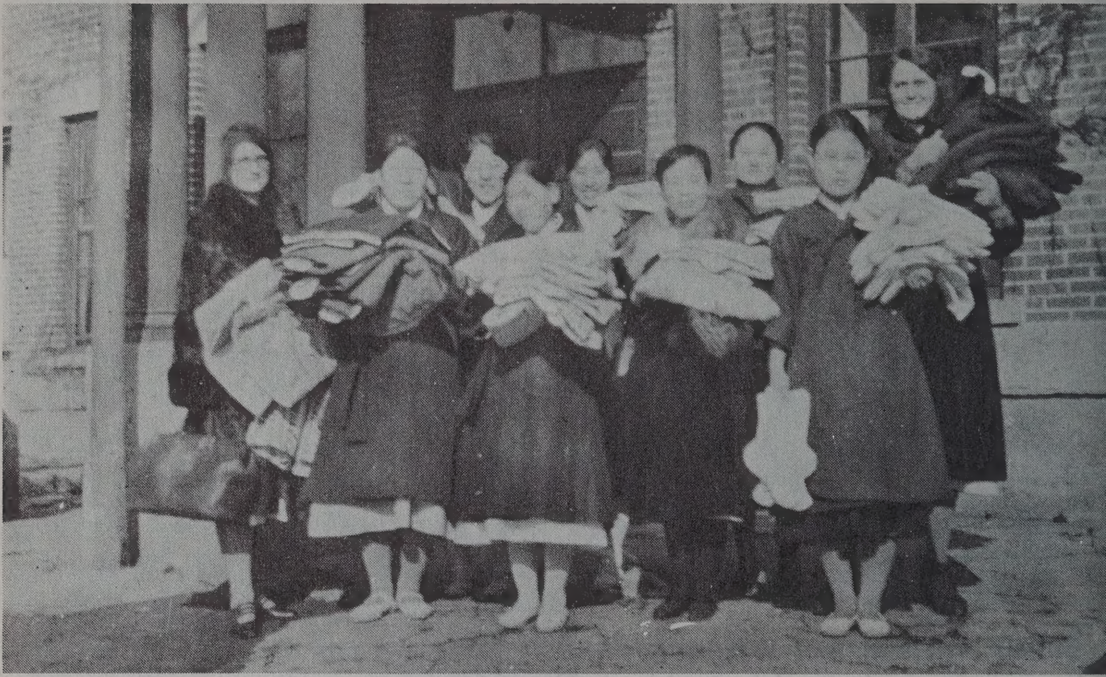




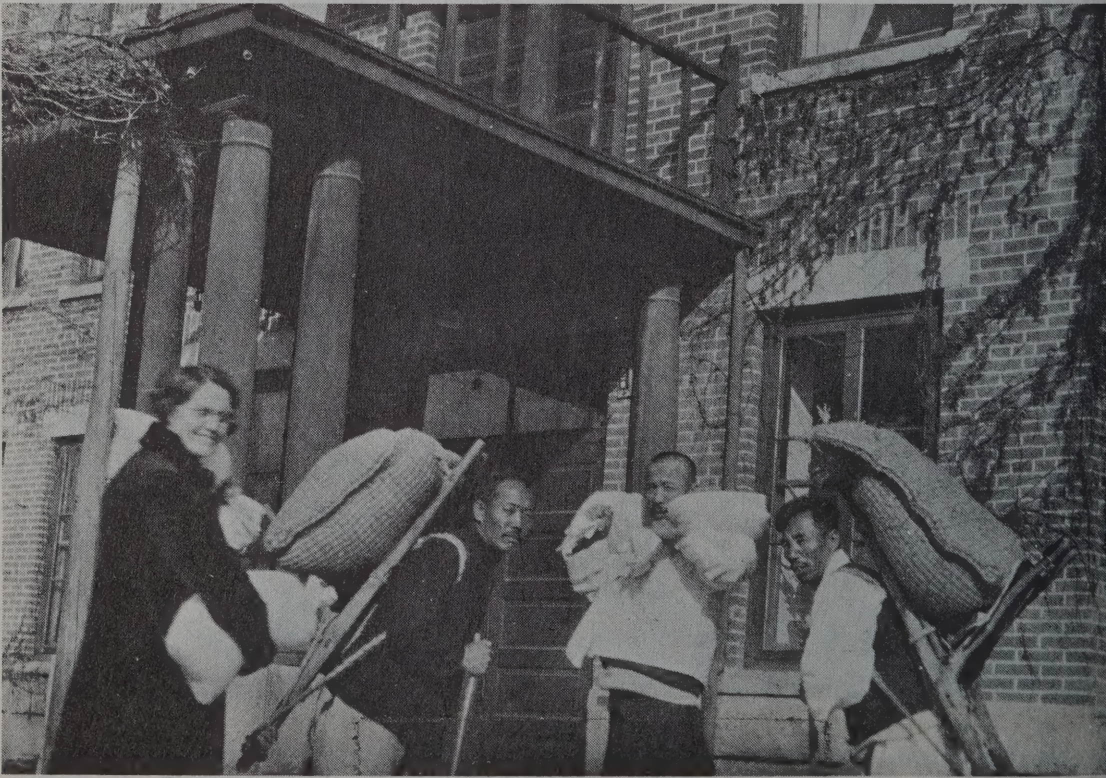
Above, church in Ekeby, Sweden, where Miss Roberts was baptized and co
firmed. Below (left), graduation from Asbury Hospital, Minneapolis, 191
(right), Swedish national costume, worn by a niece of Miss Roberts.

Lillian Harris Memorial Hospital, usually referred to as East Gate Hospital because it was built right beside the east gate of the wall surrounding the city.

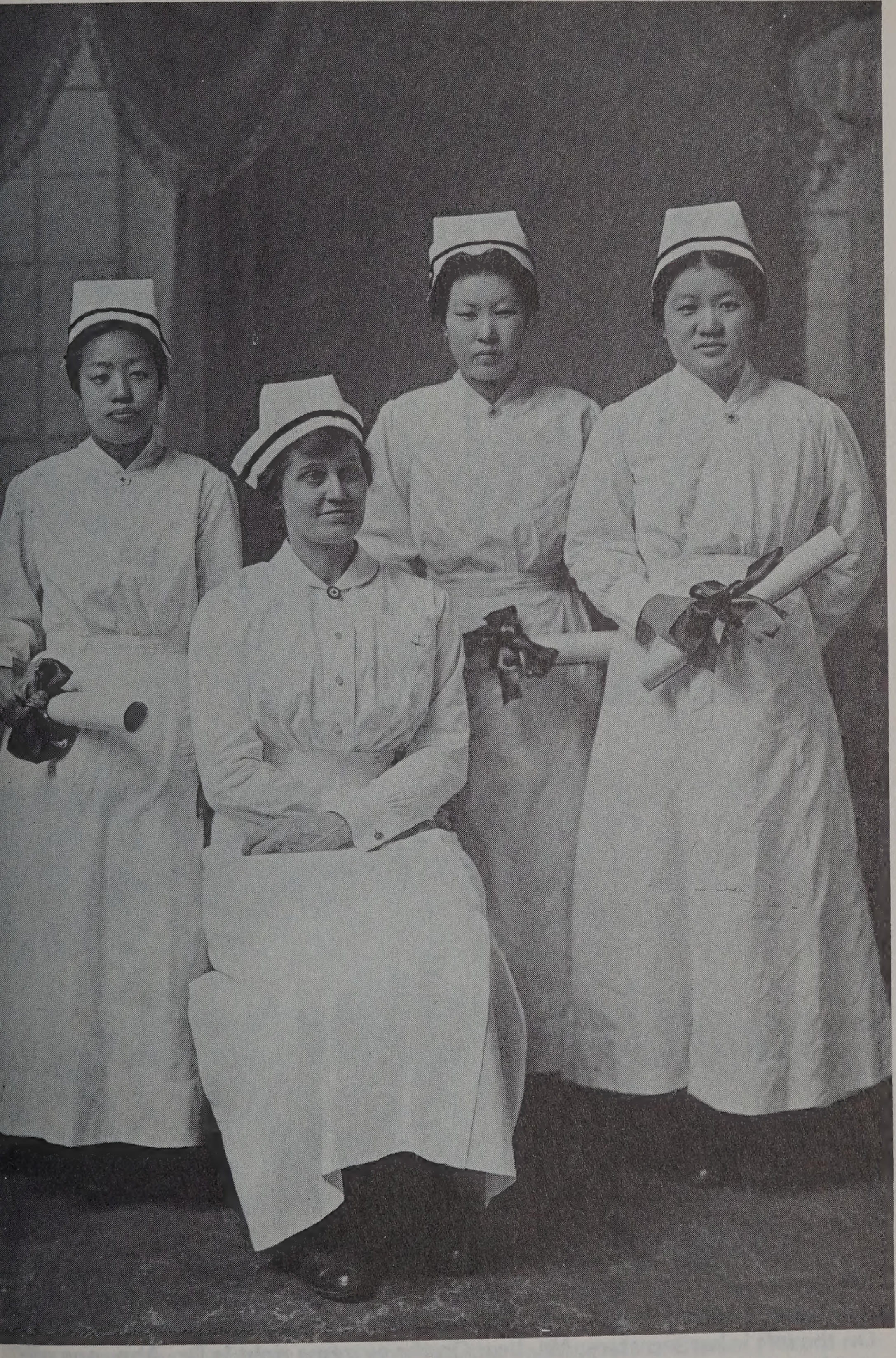
Korean Nurses' Home at East Gate Hospital, with Miss Roberts on right, head nurse on left.



Nurses ready to give clothing sewn by Korean women, 1920.



Miss Roberts with rice to be given to people for Christmas, 1920. Entrance to East Gate Hospital in background.



Miss Roberts' first graduating class of nurses, 1920, after four years of training.

Top (right), a Christian wedding in Korea. One of Miss Roberts' nurses married a teacher; (left), Miss Roberts on furlough in Sweden, 1930. Above, Miss Robe and the hospital staff in Korea, 1934, at a dinner clebrating her 50th birthday. On the left is her secretary, Mr. Lee. On the extreme right is Dr. Ahn, one of the first three women graduates of the Japanese government hospital in Seoul.

Top, Miss Roberts' home for one year while she worked in Korea. She raised the money for the house and supervised the building of it. Center, Miss Roberts in her office at East Gate Hospital, 1935. Above, American guests at a Korean dinner in a Korean home.

Miss Roberts at a tea given in her honor at Emmanuel United Methodist Church
Minneapolis, December, 1961.

of them for twenty-five years. She was an expert, a specialist in obstetrics, and that was the kind of work we had a great deal of in my days at the hospital. We also carried on public health and baby welfare, and we had a milk station. All this was in a separate building from the hospital, with a registered American nurse in charge. All our babies were registered when they left the hospital and they came back once a month for checkups by the nurse in charge and the doctor. Milk was prepared from soy beans for mothers who could not nurse their babies. They had to come for bottles and that was a great work that was being done for the public health. Patients who got well gladdened my heart. We had to do a great deal of charity work because so many people did not have the money. It was a wonderful feeling to be able to help relieve suffering. When all these poor people came, we were glad that we could do some charity work. Of course, many of them were able to pay.

Here is the story of a little girl whom we had the privilege of taking care of. This child was about eight years old—a girl named Shirley. One Saturday afternoon I went out to climb a mountain, as I did quite often. We were surrounded by beautiful mountains and on Saturday our dispensary and clinic were closed, and there was always a little letup in the work. So with some friends of mine I was going to climb a mountain. On the way, I met a man with a child tied to his back. He asked me where he could find a hospital. I asked him where he had come from. "Well," he said, "I have come from a village and have been walking three days with this girl on my back. She is very ill." I wrote a note to send with him, telling the doctor in the hospital to enter her. She was very emaciated and really sick. Her father went home and we kept the child in the hospital. After six weeks, she was well and happy, and then the father came for her. We had a chance to teach the girl songs while she was in the hospital because we had a full-time Bible woman employed to talk to the patients and lead them to the Lord. This girl was happy, hearing the Bible read, and running around singing, but she left when the father came back. I gave him a Bible and also money to take the train part way home. They had no money to pay the hospital, nor for the ticket on the train, and I felt he couldn't walk three days with the child on his back. He just wasn't able to walk that long a distance.

Three months later he came back alone, telling me that the girl was well and happy. I asked, "Why didn't you bring her along?" He said, "No, she couldn't walk the distance and she has gained weight, and was too heavy for me to carry." Then he said he wanted to give me a gift in thankfulness for what we had done for his child. He had a small jar of wild honey. In it were a few flies and it didn't look too appetizing, but I was so thankful because I realized he did it from his heart. He appreciated what we had done and was grateful for the care of his child. Then he told me his father could read. I had sent the Bible home with Shirley's father, so her grandfather went to all in the village and read the Bible to them. Then Shirley's father said they had found a church in another village, and he walked away, happy, to his home again.

Evangelism through medical work made me very happy. That is the joy of the missionary, when you see those who appreciate the help they receive and will come back, like that leper who came back to Christ to thank Him for healing him.

Our maternity work was growing so fast that in 1930 we had to give up the children's work and close the nurses' training school. The Korean women liked the women doctors so much and, hence, the increased demands for care. So our obstetrical work was tremendous. Then we planned to run a midwifery school, which was greatly needed in Korea. It took years to get the hospital and dispensary set up. Coming from a hospital here in the United States with all the equipment and laboratory work, I found it was quite different in Korea. I had to learn to work with what we had on hand, but gradually it improved. Our heating plant heated one-half of the building only, so we had to switch from one side to the other and, meanwhile, one side without any heat got quite chilly. It got pretty cold when the heat was switched off, especially in zero weather.

I was trying to study the language at that time, and at times I had to put on my winter coat because I had my room in the hospital. But after some time a large furnace arrived from America, and we were very grateful. Also, all the laundry had to be done by hand and as our maternity work increased steadily, it was a big job to get the laundry dry, especially during the long rainy season. We had to hang it all over in the hospital. Diapers, diapers—I got so I could see them at night in my dreams. Finally, a kindly lady from Philadelphia willed us $4,000 for laundry equipment and we all were so thankful for that wonderful gift. Then came the installment of this laundry equipment. It all came in a crate, and what a job the installation was! Our doctor, an American doctor that I worked with, had gone home on furlough, so I was alone running the hospital with a Korean staff. The door on the laundry was too narrow to get the washer and dryer in, so we had to tear the door off. There were large stones buried in the foundation that had to come out, but we succeeded. On the mission field one had to do things that one hadn't even dreamed of in America. I hadn't the training but I had to supervise. The laundry equipment worked fine and all of us were grateful. Then whenever there was to be surgery, I had to give the anesthetic. The doctor came and called me. I sometimes was in the middle of my language study but that didn't matter—I had to help. I had no training in anesthesia but none of my patients died from it, so that's what we had to do on the mission field. When the need comes up, whether we know it or not, the Lord gives strength to those who are not able to do it as well as perhaps it should be done. I had good obstetrical training at Asbury and that helped me in many ways.

My first call was to a small Korean home, on an obstetrical case, where the mother had been in labor trouble. A Korean nurse went with me. I can never forget the case. In that small Korean home, the mother lay on the floor, on rice straw. No linen—nothing sterilized—not even hot water—except what we had with us. After the baby was born there was nothing to put on the poor thing—no baby clothes—so I took the father's coat and wrapped the baby in it. The Korean nurse returned to the hospital and brought back some baby clothes. Nothing was sterilized, but mother and baby recovered fine. It seems that they are immune to infection from the things that are not sterile, etc. Anyway, I am thankful that the baby grew up to be a fine boy.

The Korean language is very hard to learn and I made many mistakes, but the women were very understanding. Especially when I told my Korean woman cook one day to fry my teacher for lunch instead of fish! "Teacher" and "fish" sounded very much alike to me but, as I said, they were very understanding. And gradually I was able to pronounce the words so they could understand.

I thought that we had great success in our hospital after it was turned into a maternity hospital. The average was from seven to eight babies born every twenty-four hours. It was tremendous work but well-rewarding. After we closed the training school, we had graduate nurses who helped with the work.

In 1917, two American missionary nurses arrived in Seoul, Korea: one to help me at the hospital, the other to be in charge of public health and baby welfare work. A new building was erected for this work. In August, 1918, I went to work in Siberia because of a call from the American Red Cross. In July, 1918, during the Revolution, the White Russian forces held much of Siberia. There were constant fights between the White and Red soldiers, and the Russians. There was a constant change in the generals who had charge of the situation. Shortly before the World War was won, the allies sent expeditionary forces to the Russian ports. One was Vladivostok, where the allied war materials that had been sent to Russia were stored. To prevent them from falling into German hands, these men were there to protect them. There were also a great number of Czech soldiers in Russia and they asked the United States for help. The Czechs had deserted from the Austrian and the Hungarian armies and were trying to help the Russians fight the Austrian overlords. When the Russian-German battles ceased, the Czechs tried to leave Russia via Siberia but they came en masse in a fight against the Reds. They were caught without any medical help. At this time they asked the United States for help. The American Red Cross sent out calls for doctors and nurses to go to China, Japan, and Korea, because the war was still on and they could not get nurses from either America or Europe. The calls were sent to different mission boards, asking for permission for us to accept these calls by the Red Cross. After much prayer, planning and thinking, I volunteered to go—with the Methodist Board's consent. I always had adventure in me which I inherited from my grandfather, who was a sea captain sailing around the world. From Korea, five nurses and two doctors volunteered. Then started the preparation to get warm clothing and outfits for the Siberian climate which sometimes reached 50° below zero.

In August, 1918, we were sent off from Seoul, Korea, with our missionary friends at the station bidding us Godspeed. We took the train through Manchuria to Harbin. In Mukden, Manchuria, we women nurses were detained for over a week until we could find suitable quarters at Harbin. There we stayed at the Japanese railroad hotel and tried to entertain ourselves as best we could. Finally we got to Harbin, got a house, and there we employed a Chinese man to help us with shopping and cooking. He was a good cook. Then we started making supplies for the work we had come to do, so that kept us busy. Here we met several American engineers who were helping to keep the International Siberian Railroad in order.

Then, in October of 1918, we got orders to proceed to Siberia. We had to take ourselves and the Red Cross materials we had made. We traveled in a second-class car and for our dining room we had a boxcar. In the middle of this car stood a coal stove to keep us warm. We took our Chinese cook along. It took us a month to reach our destination. Omsk, in western Siberia, which was the capital, you might say, of Siberia, was our destination. Sometimes we were delayed for twenty-four hours in one place in order to meet trains and avoid whatever traffic there was, but we were comfortable on the train. It was cold and snowy at that time. In Omsk we had to live on the train. Our first assignment was to look for a suitable building for starting a hospital. Meanwhile, we found old military barracks where a large number of men, women and children were huddled together, all with typhoid fever, and it was a sight to behold. The only bedding they had was straw and rags. Many of the Russian doctors and nurses had died of the same disease. It was an awful sight. Some were dead among the living.

We cleaned one room a day and got some hot water arranged for. Then we cleaned the patients, burned the rags, and put the Red Cross supplies and clothing on them. We made the mattresses from straw. One day I went to get supplies of mattresses. I sat on a load of them on a sled and fell off in a huge snowdrift but it didn't hurt me—the snow was soft. We could clean up only twenty-five people a day—it was a job.

On the train, as we came back in the evening, the water was scarce so we had very little of it to wash ourselves in. The only protection we had was to rub ourselves every evening with an emulsion made from kerosene. The doctors said that the louse that causes typhus fever doesn't bite if it smells kerosene. So in the morning, when we came out for breakfast, we always smelled a lot like kerosene lamps.

One night our railroad car, where we women were, was switched to a place outside the railroad yard. The doctors were in another car. In the morning when they found that we women were gone, there was great alarm. Searching, they found us in good shape outside the railroad yard. By living in the station, some nights we would have as company trainloads of horses or other animals.

At Christmastime came a call from the hospital in another city, called Tuman, almost in the Ural Mountains. They needed one doctor and a nurse, and who would volunteer? Then I said, "Here am I, send me," and one doctor from Korea also went. There they had acquired a high school building. We had a twenty-four hours' ride on the train to the city. In the hospital they had 225 wounded Czech soldiers and I went on night duty. The unit from our missionary group were my co-workers. Some of the soldiers also had typhoid fever, and we lost some of them. One of our graduate nurses from China was also very ill with typhus. I was put on as a special nurse with her and tried to give her the best care I could, but she died and was buried on Christmas Eve in the cemetery near the hospital. I shall never forget the sadness of that day, that bleak, cold day in western Siberia amid snow and ice.

The political situation was very unstable. The Red and White Russian soldiers changed war generals almost overnight. One day the battle broke out in our city. Many soldiers were killed. We were not allowed out of the hospital for three days. Recreation was mostly walking now and then for us nurses and doctors. One evening a missionary doctor from China asked to take me for a walk along the Tuman River below the hospital. It was very cold that night and we had to walk fast to keep from freezing. It was pitch dark when suddenly out of the dark I felt the snow splash over my left foot, and we heard a shout.

I said to the doctor, "Let's stop, somebody is shooting at us." In a few minutes three soldiers came running from the river bank. All I could say in Russian was that we were American Red Cross workers. They looked us over and laughed. Finally they motioned for us to go. I was scared and can assure you I was relieved when they told us we could go. We were never able to find out who they were, why they did it, or anything. In those days you couldn't find out anything in Siberia. As we walked home I said over and over Psalm 34:7, "The angel of the Lord encamps around those who fear Him, and delivers them," and so I thanked the Lord that night that I was saved. The Lord had some more work for me to do and I was grateful.

Another adventure was when a Danish family in the city had riding horses. They invited a few of us nurses for horseback riding and I did enjoy it. When I was a youngster, I had the opportunity to ride horseback but I hadn't done it for many, many years. I had a large, white horse and he was beautiful. Then I was going rather fast and, of course, I fell off in a huge snowbank. It was soft in the snow so I didn't get hurt. My pride was hurt a great deal from falling off the horse, but tumbles happen when you are not riding oftener than I had done.

The Czech soldiers were very good and interesting boys to take care of. Many of them were well-educated and our interpreters were university-trained men, so it was a very agreeable group of young soldiers. The Czechs were evacuated—they finally got off to Vladivostok, took the boat, and reached their destination.

Then we got in White Russian soldiers who had been fighting among themselves, the Red and the White. They were so different. They were poorly-educated and not as pleasant to take care of as the Czech soldiers had been.

There was also in Siberia at that time a group of Chinese laborers, who were stranded there and had very poor accommodations. They had been frozen almost to death. They were brought to the hospital on sleds with straw wrapped around their bodies. It was a large group. They came in with frozen hands and feet, and gangrene had set in; so the doctors had to do a lot of amputations. The smell was almost intolerable as they came into the hospital. During 1919, at the end of World War I, we were released and a group of English nurses arrived to take over the work in the hospital at Tuman.

While I was at Tuman, I took a trip to a city not too far from there. We took a freight train and it was a nice trip. We wanted to see the place where the czar and his family had been executed during this revolution in Russia. There we took a day off to look around and found a good many of the beautiful stones that came from the Ural Mountains. Of course, the trip wasn't very comfortable as we traveled in a boxcar, which was heated by a stove, but we got back at last to our hospital work in Tuman.

Finally, I got back to Korea after a ten-months' stay in Siberia. I had a very comfortable trip back, except when I got to Mukden. I had to change trains in Manchuria and I gave my baggage to a redcap, telling him to put it on the train. But then I made a mistake and got on the wrong train, going in absolutely the wrong direction from Seoul. When the conductor came to look at my ticket, he said, "You are on the wrong train. You are going in the opposite direction from Seoul." So he got me off at a little country station and there I sat for hours, and hours, and hours, waiting for another train to take me back to Mukden. When I arrived, there was no train leaving that day for Seoul, so I had to stay overnight in the Japanese railroad hotel there. Then the first thing I had to look for was that redcap who had my baggage. Finally I located him and he said, "I didn't put your baggage on the train—I couldn't find you." He was smart enough not to send my baggage without me, so I was pleased about that.

When I got back to Korea, it was like getting into another war, because the Korean independence movement was on in 1919, and Koreans declared their independence from Japan. Japan took over Korea in 1910 and they were completely under the Japanese government. Korea had nothing to say about running their own country. There was a good deal of bloodshed. The Japanese quelled the independence movement, and it was not until 1945, during the second World War, that Koreans got their independence. I was grateful to be back at work again at the hospital in Seoul.

During my thirty years at the East Gate Hospital, I had varied experiences, some glad and some sad, that made life interesting. Poverty and superstition sometimes broke my heart. So much one could not help. That is the hard thing for the missionary. Some I could help.

An unfortunate woman who had been a dancing girl in her younger days, was now old and cast out by her society. One fall she appeared outside our dispensary building. She would gather leaves from tree branches and build a fire to keep herself warm. Every evening I was worrying that she would burn down the building. Nobody in the city cared for this unfortuante creature or any like her. At last, I got a Korean man to build her a cave on the bank of the Han River that was flowing nearby the hospital. There was a high sandbank and he dug into it, made a roof over it, and put in a door with glass in it for light. I got her a camp cot and bedding so she could keep warm. She was most grateful and wondered why I did it. I told her that we had compassion for her as Jesus did when He walked on earth. He had compassion for the poor and unfortunate as He went about doing good. We had a chance to tell her about Christ Jesus, who loved her, and our Bible woman visited with her. I believe to this day she knew about how she could be saved, and that made me happy. It cost me about $30.00. A small sum that was, but it made her grateful and happy. The only time my name was in the daily paper in Seoul was about this. I was praised for my good deed to this poor, unfortunate woman. Jesus said, "A cup of cold water given in my name shall not be without reward." It was my Christian duty to help a person in need.

In 1925, the two American women doctors who had been working with me at the hospital had to retire and that left me alone with a Korean staff. Two Korean doctors helped carry on the work. Our work was growing by leaps and bounds and it was at this time that the Women's Society of Christian Service had to cut all appropriations. I was quite concerned at the time.

I had a staff of twenty or more to provide salaries for but, as before, I asked the Lord to help us and provide. The staff and I got together, prayed about it, planned and worked to save all we could—to turn off electricity when it was not in use, to save on water and supplies, etc. To this very day, as a habit, I go around and turn off electric lights when I see they are not needed. That is a habit developed because I had to, in order to save money to be able to run the institution. We all worked and prayed that the patients would come to the hospital. You may wonder that we prayed for patients—we didn't want them to be sick—but, you see, ours was maternity work and the patients' disease was normal. So we could pray for the increase of patients in the hospital, and we made good. I was most happy to work with the Korean staff of two doctors and twenty graduate nurses. Every time we had a board meeting, the Korean bishop who was on our hospital board said, "I am always glad to come to your board meetings, because your finances are always in the best shape—no deficits. So often at our board meetings the institutions and churches do not have enough money, but," he said, "here I never need to worry." So the good Lord heard and granted our prayers for the work we did, because He said that one should pray and work.

Evangelistic work was carried on in the hospital. We had a full-time Bible woman who talked to all the women and led many to Christ. She kept records of those who accepted Christ and recommended them to join the church. We had, near our hospital, a very fine church, where we could recommend those to go who lived in that community. Every morning we had chapel in a room in the hospital. All the doctors, nurses and helpers had devotions at 9:00 A.M. All took part. Often our pastor in the church led the devotions with us and we enjoyed this quiet half hour which helped to give us strength to carry out our tasks for the day.

Then, in 1921, came my first furlough. Our term was five years. The Women's Board paid my fare to America, across the Pacific, although we were allowed to make whatever plans we wanted, if we were going on our furloughs. But we had to pay for any extra travel on our tickets ourselves. I wanted to visit Sweden where I had my mother, six sisters and brothers still living. I left Korea and went to Kobe, Japan, and there I boarded an English freighter for London. I had a grand trip, visited many places, and saw a great deal of Methodist work around the world. It was a wonderful experience. We went to Shanghai, Singapore, Penang, Suez Canal and many other places. I had as a companion a woman Salvation Army officer, also a Swede. As we sailed through the Mediterranean Sea we had the worst storm I have ever been in. Everybody was seasick, including many of the crew. One morning only one person came to breakfast, and that was my companion. I had bought some coconuts and candy and wanted them out of the way so put them on the shelf above my bed, but they came tumbling down and the coconuts were hard, you know—almost hit my head, but I did not care and just let them stay on the floor. I was too seasick even to look at them. I did feed the fishes at that time.

We landed in London where I stayed with a friend whon I had met in Korea. I had a grand time seeing London. She took me to see everything that was interesting. The only thing I didn't like was that her house was so cold, and I arrived in Sweden with a bad cold. They don't keep their houses as warm in England as I was used to but, anyway, I lived through it. I took a steamer from London over the North Sea and landed in Göteborg, Sweden, in March, 1921. Home again to my dear ones in the land of my birth—overjoyed after being away for seven years.

I think the good Lord kept and guided me all the way and inspired me to settle down at home with my family and help with the work in Sweden at that time. It was wonderful to get home to mother, sisters and brothers, and to roam around all the old familiar places near our home. In the woods there was a pond with ice where we used to make fortresses of snow and played war. In the summer we picked wild berries—raspberries, blueberries, and lingonberries, similar to our cranberries. We picked all summer long. It was wonderful to be in these places. Sometimes we went swimming in the river—also in the shallow pools in the spring—and we would wade into them before the ice melted. Waded all around, not minding the cold, but such is youth. All this was great fun and pleasant to re-live young childhood's happy days. I forgot the hospital and all the responsibilities I had carried during the past five years in Korea. Here I had a home and it was wonderful. I bought myself a bicycle and traveled all around the area. One day I was going down a very steep hill and when I stepped on the brakes too suddenly, both bicycle and I went into the ditch. I knocked out four front teeth and got pretty well scratched up. It knocked me out for awhile but I came to again without my teeth. Thank goodness, I didn't break any bones. Then I went home and when Mother saw me, she almost fainted. I was a sight to behold because I was pretty badly scratched up, but I was lucky I did not break any bones.

Then came a time to itinerate. The women of the Methodist Church asked me to make speeches about my work in Korea, which I consented to do. I attended a meeting at one of our large churches in Stockholm. I was invited to be introduced only, not to speak. They had invited a speaker from England, a very famous man. As we were ready to go to the platform from the back room, the famous speaker turned to me and said, "You have to be the main speaker tonight. I can stay only for the introductions." By mistake he had made another appointment. You can imagine my feelings. I could have fainted away. I was not prepared to make a speech.

When I finally got up and started my speech, I said that I felt rather little compared to the great speaker everyone had come to hear that night. After the meeting, a friend of mine who was sitting near two preachers in the audience told me she heard them say, "She doesn't look so little." Amusing, indeed, but for me at that time it was a rather trying experience. One of the secretaries of the Women's Society for Christian services told me afterward that she felt very sorry for me, but she sat and prayed for me the whole time, and with God's help I got through. After the meeting, an editor of a newspaper in Stockholm came to shake hands with me and said, "I'm glad the great speaker didn't stay." It made me thankful to God for His guidance, and I thanked the editor for encouraging me as he did.

After eight weeks in Sweden, the time for preparations to leave for America came all too soon. The time to say farewell to near and dear ones always has some sadness. I did not know then that this would be the last time I would see my mother alive. In 1928, when I was back in Korea, she passed away—eighty years old. I felt it was a great loss to me. I missed her letters and her prayers, but was comforted by the knowledge that she was with the Lord. I believed she could better pray for me when she was over yonder. I believe in the communion of saints, I believe in God's guidance and guardianship, and I thanked Him for the years I had my mother and that she was a lover of Jesus Christ and went home to be with Him in glory.

When I had to leave, I took a train from Stockholm to Bergen, Norway, where I took a steamer to New York. I had a very good trip across the Atlantic. There were no storms and I was thankful.

I was glad to be in America again, and then started a busy time for me. When I got to Minneapolis, the women of the Methodist Church, who had sent me out to Korea, asked me to do some itinerating and speaking while home. Also, I had to study some, because I had been away for five years and I had to brush up on medical matters, etc. So that was what I did for the rest of my furlough until it was time again to start back to Korea.

Itinerating was one part of my missionary career that I did not especially enjoy, but it was part of being a missionary—to inform the church and people at home about our mission work in Korea, and encourage them to continue supporting our work.

In 1924, I sailed from San Francisco for Korea to start my second term. This time I had to serve six years before another furlough. It was good to be back, taking up my responsibilities with the Korean staff, and seeing the healing ministry of Christian doctors and nurses. One needed both faith and skill to deal with the rich and the poor patients. Many people came who couldn't pay anything.

Here is one story where faith and strength were needed for both doctors and nurses. One evening a maternity case came in. She was in very serious condition and was taken to surgery as soon as we could get her ready. I had to give the anesthetic. The Korean doctor performed a Caesarean section. The baby had been dead for some time, and the mother was very ill. I heard the doctor say during the operation, "There is no hope at all for her." I knew this mother had three other little children.

In the morning, the father came and brought the other children, all under ten years old, and they were healthy children. We were just having our devotions in the hospital—the doctors, nurses and helpers—that we had every morning at 9 o'clock. When I took a look at this father and three children, I said to myself, "This mother must live. She has a family to care for," and I couldn't think how those three children could be left without a mother.

In my heart I knew that God could perform a miracle so I said to myself, "Take this day off for prayer and supplication." I couldn't entirely devote myself to this, but during the day I would stop what I was doing to say a prayer to the Father above, asking for a miracle. During the day, I went to see a friend who was a woman of great faith, and I remembered that the Bible says whatever two agree on to pray about the Father will grant to them. As I went into the mother's room the next day with the doctor—the doctor had put her in a room where we used to put those who were dying—I heard the doctor say again, "She cannot live. There is absolutely no hope for her." I turned and said to the doctor, "She will live. I have prayed for her and I believe the Lord has heard my prayers." I had faith to believe.

The third day she was better and from then on she recovered, and after a month in the hospital her grateful husband and children came to take her home. We rejoiced to see the family reunited. These were poor farm folks and they had nothing with which to pay their hospital bill, so we had to do a good deed of charity for these poor people. But I felt this was a very worthy case and we were happy to have had a share in her recovery. I believe to this very day it was a miracle through prayer and faith.

After several months she came back, happy and feeling stronger, bringing a little rice to show how grateful she was to the people at the hospital for taking care of her. These are the things that bring joy to the missionary and all Christian workers. She accepted Christ as her personal Savior while she was with us. Our Bible woman taught her. So year after year the work went on.

In 1930, my second furlough was due. This time I went by way of Siberia in company with three other women missionaries, and what a trip that was! We traveled the hard way, via third-class coach, the cheapest we could get, because we got only our fare across the Pacific from the Board. If we traveled farther we had to pay the difference ourselves. We had only hard boards to sleep on and bedding was a pillow and blanket, but I was young in those days and didn't mind it. It was crowded in the coach—there were twenty-two people in it. The food we needed we carried with us, mostly canned, of course. We had brought a pail along and had made a wooden float on it so we could put the canned goods in this pail to heat. At every station we could get hot water, so it was very wonderful to have that hot water to plunge our canned goods in, and it worked beautifully. But we had brought bacon with us, also, and we wondered how we could get that fried. We had brought some naptha tablets along that could be used to cook things with, so we used them and started to fry the bacon. And, of course, we had to get rid of the grease. We were foolish enough to pour the bacon grease through the window.

(We should have gotten out and put it on the ground, when the train stopped.) With the train moving, and wind blowing, the grease and dust settled on the outside wall of the train. What a sight that was!

So one day the Russian conductor and a couple of other Russians came in and said, "Who has done this?" Of course, we had to confess what we had done and we were pretty scared at the time, wondering whether or not they were going to put us off the train, or do something else to us. But they told us, "All right, when we come to the next station we will have this washed and you will have to pay for it." We would gladly have paid double price to get the grease washed off the train.

Such is life when you travel, but we had a good time and we enjoyed the eight days and nights from Manchuria to Moscow. We traveled night and day. There was magnificent scenery—lakes, mountains and plains. We traveled past Lake Baikal, which is a beautiful lake with surrounding mountains and hills. Some days we traveled through forests where there were birch trees, and for miles we would see nothing but that beautiful white bark. Such wonderful, wonderful scenes! Other things I enjoyed so much while going through Siberia were the wild flowers. You could look for miles and see all colors of the rainbow. It was marvelous to see all this. And then we came past the mountains to the plains. It was a really wonderful time to go through Siberia. It was so different from when I was there in the winter when I was in Red Cross work and everything was covered with snow so we couldn't see the beauty. But these eight days and nights were wonderful and we could almost see the midnight sun as we came nearer to Russia. So we traveled and we four girls enjoyed it and were happy for each mile put behind us.

We arrived in Moscow and there we entered a station restaurant and had our first meal in Moscow. Then we were able to take taxis for sight-seeing. We traveled through most of the city, but the taxis went so awfully fast I was scared they would run into someone. I don't know when I have ever been in a taxi going so fast, and it seemed to me that they would hit every tree and house we passed.

From Moscow we went to Warsaw, Poland. There we enjoyed the hotel and the sight-seeing. Then on to Germany where we spent a whole day seeing the Passion Play. That was a marvelous experience and it was beautifully done. It was so real we did not realize the hours were passing by. They were wonderful actors. Of course, I had heard a great deal about it and it was true—it was a marvelous day for us.

And so we went on to Switzerland. I had a wonderful visit there and saw those great mountains. They reminded me of Korea. We had in Korea what we called the Diamond Mountains, beautiful mountains where we missionaries used to go when we had a little time off, and I think ours were perhaps almost as great as those in Switzerland.

Then from there on to France, and so on to Austria. We really had a marvelous trip and finally we landed in London, where we separated. The other three girls went their different ways and I went home again to Sweden. So that trip was a marvelous opportunity to see the world, and we did enjoy it all. We were thankful we were guided by God all the way, and we had no serious mishaps. So it was all a marvelous part of my vacation.

This time, I stayed in Sweden for only a short while. Then again crossed the ocean and went to America, and from there I returned to Korea for another term. Then, as the years went by, finally came time for my third furlough, and this was in 1937. I went for the third time through Siberia to London. I was a delegate to the International Council of Nurses Convention in London. There were four delegates from Korea. One was a Korean, one from Canada, and two from America. The Korean Nurses Association sent us as delegates because they wanted to join the International Council of Nurses, which was a wonderful thing. The Korean nurses had a wonderful association. What a great change in their nursing profession since the years when the first missionaries got there, when they didn't even have a name for a nurse, and now they have a large organization of graduate nurses! We were very happy for them to have a delegate and to be able to join this association.

We started off from Korea into Manchuria. We boarded the Siberian train in Manchuria. This time we had a second-class coach, and at the stations we could buy food. We could, at certain stations, get boiled eggs, bread and a few other groceries. We had some canned goods along, and at every station we could get boiling water to make tea or coffee. They also had a dining car where we could go to get food. We went directly to London through Siberia. On this trip there were more buildings and factories than on previous trips. Quite a change in the Siberian landscape. When we reached Moscow we went to a restaurant and had a meal before we took the train for London. We had a very wonderful trip all the way to London to attend the International Council of Nurses Convention.

We were entertained by royalty and by others in the great city of London. We had a delightful garden party attended by royal ladies. Then they had a big tea for us and they had little tables set where each one was supposed to take a place.

I made a great mistake at this tea party.

I sat down at a table that had been prepared for a royal lady, but I soon realized my mistake and got back where I belonged. Then the Council was entertained at the palace—a grand affair—where we met many of the royal family. The Korean nurse we had with us and the rest of us American nurses were dressed in Korean dresses, and we were much admired by those ladies in London. After the convention was over and the sight-seeing, entertainment and all, I met my sister, who came to London from Chicago, and we went to Sweden together.

This time while at home I had a big job to do, to raise money for the residence at the hospital in Seoul. The one we had there was ready to fall down and in the winter I could not live there, so I had to move to the hospital every fall and in the spring move back. It was decided to tear down the old building which was over sixty years old, and so I had permission to raise money. I worked hard to try to get money for a new home, first in Sweden and then in America. I belonged, at this time, to the Women's Society of Christian Service in Sweden. In 1930, the Women's Society had a meeting, and a delegation from Sweden reported that they were going to have a change in their plan of sending missionaries. Up to this time they had to go from Sweden to our Women's Board in New York, and it was decided to send their own missionaries and support them. So the Swedish women asked if they could have me as their first missionary under the new arrangement, and I accepted. Hence, I could raise money in both countries.

When World War II started, it became impossible for the women in Sweden to get money to me. I was transferred to the U.S.A. then. In America, in the early fall of 1937, I succeeded in raising the money to build a new residence at our hospital in Seoul. I had a short furlough this time so I did not stay very long in either Sweden or America. In February, 1938, my work at Seoul needed me, and so again I went across the Pacific, around the world. After I returned, I took up my work as usual and it was a great joy to be back working with my Korean staff in Seoul.

Then, of course, I began planning for the home, which was a great joy. I did not know much about architecture but I made a practical plan and employed a Korean man who was quite good at building and had some experience. I remember well the day in August, 1938, when I made the first payment on this new home, and what a treat I had as the months went by to see it being built. I did not know much about building and I had to guess at a lot of the planning, but I had a good Korean contractor. Then, as always, I prayed about it and I read in the twenty-second chapter of Job, the twenty-eighth verse, and got a great deal of encouragement because there it says, "You will decide on a matter, and light will shine on your ways." A wonderful promise, and I left it in the hands of the Lord that it would be accomplished. I looked forward with great happiness to seeing this home built. I almost counted every brick that went into it.

The work in the hospital was growing by leaps and bounds, and it was a joy to have a part in it, although at times there were great problems and puzzling questions that had to be settled, sometimes only by faith in God through prayer. Some days it seemed everything went wrong.

One day it seemed more than I could bear. There were problems everywhere—outside, in the hospital, among the personnel. The head physician had gone on her vacation, the hospital was full of patients and then, on top of all this, the Japanese police arrested the secretary we had in charge of the office at the hospital. His crime was that he refused to go up on the mountain where the Japanese had a Shinto shrine and a picture of the emperor. They forced the young people to go to the mountain shrine to worship this emperor of Japan. Japan was in control of Korea at this time. Now this man was a Christian and he could not do it with good conscience. Hence, the arrest. That day when the doctor was gone and the secretary-office man was gone, we were needed every minute of the day.

During the night we had a bad storm and the fence around one side of the hospital blew down into the street. The police notified me saying, "You have to get that repaired as it is obstructing the people's travel on the road." I had no one to help me and with the doctor and the secretary gone, all the work at the hospital was mine to do. I did not know what to do. It was a situation where I was up against it.

Then I knelt down and my prayer was this, "Good Lord, I know I am in trouble, and unless you can help me I am sunk," and a still, small voice answered, "Try prayer and fasting." That gave me hope and I found this promise from the Bible, Luke 11:9 and 10, "Ask, and it will be given you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. For every one who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened." I spent the day praying and fasting. Of course, I had to work—I couldn't be by myself, still and quiet—but all through the day I stood on this promise: work and pray. "Ask and it shall be given." I continued into evening. When night came I was tired and weary. It was nine o'clock and I began to wonder if the Lord would honor His promise. The tempter always is at hand. And he said, "Now what have you? You have prayed and fasted all day. What have you got for it?"

I had not finished answering the devil when the telephone rang. On the other end of the line was my secretary and he said, "Miss Roberts, I have just now been released from the prison. I will be on duty tomorrow morning." You can imagine my joy and thanksgiving. Next morning he took care of the fence and also said to me, "There never was a prisoner released at that time of night, a little after nine o'clock." I told him then that with God all things are possible and we all rejoiced in the Lord. The power of prayer is great. He marshals the stars in order in the heavens. His words control the waves of the great depths. The same infinite Creator will work in behalf of His people if they call upon Him in faith. So we had a great time of thanksgiving and the work went smoothly again, so we could go on rejoicing, because everything seemed to come our way.

Then, in 1939, the house was finished and I moved into it, and what a joy that was. It was marvelous to have a beautiful, new home. The nurse who was in charge of our public health moved in with me, and we had a dedication with our fellow missionaries. It was an occasion of praise and thanksgiving to God and friends, near and far, who had given the money, and what joy it was. We rejoiced together. I was so happy in my work. We were self-supporting and the Korean staff did marvelous work for both rich and poor women, and I had a small share in it also. We had almost 2,000 babies born in the hospital in 1938. We were constantly growing and what a joy it was to serve the women, especially the poor, who needed the care and had nothing in their own homes, but they could come and be cared for by Christian nurses and doctors.

At this time, there was some trouble with the Japanese government at the mission schools about bowing to the emperor of Japan as part of their Shinto religion. They made the students in the mission schools go up on the mountain and bow to the emperor. They had a picture of the emperor in the Shinto shrine. All schools were to teach in the Japanese language; and the Koreans were to speak Japanese at home also, the children were told, and to pick Japanese names. It was a trying time for the missionaries, the students, the hospitals, and the evangelistic workers. The Japanese government wanted to make the Koreans Japanese. All that changed after World War II when Korea got independence.

I had only a little more than a year to live in my comfortable, new home but I was so happy to have a part in helping to plan it and in seeing it built. The year 1940 is a year I shall never forget. It broke my heart. Everything in the hospital was going almost perfectly. We had a wonderful Korean staff of doctors, nurses and helpers. We had all the patients we could take care of, and we were self-supporting at this time, even though we did a good deal of charity work. We were able to care for and help those in need. It all seemed just what I would call perfect.

CHAPTER IV

Evacuation from Korea to the Philippines

Then things started to happen. Orders came from the American government for all American citizens to leave Korea. None of us wanted to leave. This was one year before World War II started. I don't know yet why the Government informed us so early. We missionaries met for prayer and consultation. I shall not forget that prayer meeting. I asked the Lord, "What shall I do? I don't want to leave. I still want to stay. I am so happy in my work, I just love it." But as I was praying the answer came in a still, small voice, "Go home to your own and tell them what God has done for you," as you read in Luke 8:39, "Return to your home, and declare how much God has done for you," as spoken by Jesus to the man from whom Christ had driven the evil spirits. He asked to follow the Lord and the Lord told him this. We missionaries wanted to stay.

Then we were informed by the American authorities that if we stayed without permission from the government, we could not expect protection from the American government. So the different mission boards recalled all their missionaries. When the Women's Board asked me to go to the Philippines to help with the work there, I accepted.

I believe that it was God's wish to have saved me from all the suffering and the trials that

I went through in the Philippines during World War II, and three-and-one-half years in an internment camp in the Philippines, but I went. Sometimes God takes our mistakes and turns them into good. It is such a comfort to drop all the tangles of life into God's hands and leave them there. I believe that out of this is coming something more for His praise than could have come but for this triumph. Pain, suffering and sorrow are unavoidable but there is the certainty, too, of promised power. The everlasting arms are our support. Whatever I do, wherever I am, still God's hands are leading me. And so preparations began for leaving and, my, how hard it was! One day at the Seoul railroad station I saw over 200 missionaries leaving.

I left two months later for the Philippines. I left most of my belongings in the home—took only a trunk and two suitcases. My comfortable, new home! On my last morning, our hospital staff had our morning devotions, and the pastor of the Korean church led the devotions. This was part of his prayer that I shall never forget, "Lord, we have prayed and asked for Miss Roberts to stay, but now your answer to us is that she must leave. Help us all to say that by you we will abide." After twenty-five years of work at the hospital with the Korean staff, it was no wonder it broke my heart to leave them. I did not know at this time that it would take seven long years before I could return to Korea again.

In November, 1940, I left by train for Japan and then to Kobe, where I took a steamer for Manila in the Philippines. I shall never forget the feeling of grief as I had my last look at the Korean shores where most of my life's work had been, and I had been so happy. And now to leave everything I owned behind! But the Lord saved my life in all the tribulations I went through during World War II in the Philippines.

When I cannot understand my Father's teaching and it seems to be hard and cruel fate, still I hear the gentle whisper, ever pleading, "God is working, God is faithful and will wait." If God says, "No" to my prayers, and the clouds hang heavy, dull and grey; if the rough rock cinder can block the way, while the sharp winds pierce me and sting with cold, there is home at the journey's end, and these are the trials the Father did send, to draw me to His heavenly arms. If God says, "No" to my prayers, prayer is the link that connects me to God. This is the bridge that spans every gulf and bears me through adversity, danger and all need.

I got on the ship in Kobe, Japan, and Japanese secret service men came aboard to search my baggage. They took my purse and looked through it. I had a letter from a missionary in Korea to his family in America to mail when I reached the Philippines, and they took it out of my purse. Such was life those days. The trip, of course, was sad and uneventful. I reached Manila safely and I was met by missionaries who took me to our hospital in Tondo, a poor district in Manila. I felt at home residing in the hospital. Doctors and nurses received me kindly.

At Christmas I was transferred to the northern part of Luzon to a city called Tuguergarao, where a missionary woman lived alone and was in charge of the dispensary and the dormitory for girls. I started from Manila early Christmas Eve morning to get to this place. It was an all-day trip by bus and it was hot and dusty, a tiresome trip. I was amused because underneath the bus the baggage was supposed to be stored; however, instead of baggage they loaded pigs. Did this ever smell!

At this place we had a nice home and I liked my fellow missionary. My work was in the dispensary. Here I enjoyed the work in the church with the Filipino pastor. The services were in English. I picked my first banana from a tree—oh, I was thrilled at being able to do that. Then I decorated our home with lovely poinsettias, which were growing outside in the garden on huge bushes, and they were beautiful. But, alas, the next day all were wilted. I did not know that they would wilt so soon but my missionary friend told me she knew, but that I had not asked her how long they would last. But I had the fun of decorating with them anyway.

In June, the Methodist Church held an annual conference in Manila and we two went in an old car with a Filipino driver—a very pleasant, interesting trip. While I was there, there seemed to be many different places that asked me to help them. One was in the school that was training Christian workers, one was in the district, and there I was in this city in the northern part of Luzon. One day the bishop called me—I had not met him before. When he phoned me he said, "I want to meet the lady who is in such demand, because it is so important to meet all these requests." I was surprised, to say the least. I never was that important, but grateful to the missionaries who wanted me.

When the appointment was made, it was to relieve the missionary who was due for a furlough at Lingayen where we had a school for training missionary women for Christian work in the district. I would have about thirty or more students. The head of the training school was a very able young Filipino woman. Also, I was to take over the district work, for which I was not prepared but, as I have said before, missionaries should be able to do most everything they are asked to do. I had to teach hygiene in the school. We were two missionaries from Korea there—had a very nice home to live in—and we both had been transferred from Korea to the Philippines.

One day the district missionary called and wanted me to attend a district meeting of his preachers for two days. The day before the meeting was to begin, he called me to say he couldn't come because he was sick and asked if I would take charge of the meeting. This almost floored me! But I had to, and the good Lord helped me and I was grateful. I lived through it to tell the story. Such is the life of missionaries.

In December, 1941, we had a conference in Lingayen for young people planning for the work of the district. We had wonderful plans and the Spirit of God was manifest among the group. I had a very enjoyable time at this Lingayen station where I had a very comfortable home, and the other missionary and I enjoyed each other's company very much. There was a wonderful beach for swimming at the Lingayen Base and on one side of the house we had a river, so it was a beautiful location.

Also, two school teachers boarded with us at times—both were Americans teaching in the schools at Lingayen. One was the principal of the high school and the other was a teacher in the grade school. This teacher had a big, gray cat as a pet. Every afternoon when she came home from school, he met her at the entrance gate to our house and climbed up on her shoulder, coming into the house sitting there like a little king. She had made a small entrance in the wall of the kitchen so the cat could come and go outside at any time.

This was good in a way but, alas, what did I find had come in through the entrance? A number of cockroaches, great big ones—they were flying—and I had never seen them before. I found a whole swarm of them one day in our pantry, so I plugged up the hole and made war on the cockroaches. Believe me, I had a time getting rid of them. The cat had kind of a rash around his neck and on his forehead. The teacher tried several kinds of ointments but they did not seem to do much good. Then she had to retire, returning to America, and she left the cat in my care. I wasn't very happy to have this animal, but to please her I took it. The animal was getting older and the sores were getting worse and would not heal. So I decided to let it pass on to cat heaven. I made a box, put stones in it for weight, placed the cat in it, put on the lid, went down to the river and there the cat went to sleep. So that was my first adventure with a cat, but that was not the last.

A short time after this, the high school teacher had a friend in Manila who had a very special white cat. She had all the degrees a cat can have, I guess. He also had to retire to America and he asked this teacher to take his cat, which she did, and brought it to our home in Lingayen to live with us. This cat had slept in his bed at night. He had taken care of it like a child so when the cat came it had a special bed to sleep on, special dishes, and she had to have special food. He told the teacher if she did not carry out his orders and take good care of that cat, his spirit would haunt her. That was kind of farfetched, but that's what he said, and she had the cat. I had a time with that animal. One day the cat got lost. I couldn't find her inside the house. I knew she had not been out. I searched the house from top to bottom, but no cat. Then I opened our linen closet, and found that the cat had hid among the linen.

One morning I got to my desk where there were a lot of papers and letters. There the cat had made my desk into a toilet. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. I told the teacher she and the cat had to have a change. Either she would move or else something would have to be done with the cat. I wouldn't put up with it any longer. She decided then that the cat had to go, so they would not have to plan to move. I said, "It is up to you to do what you want with the animal." With my former experience with the first cat, I did the same with this one. And that ended the cat story for me to this day.

I stayed at Lingayen about one year, but then another evacuation took place—this was number two for me—in December, 1941, at 6:00 A.M., Philippine time. I turned on my radio and heard President Roosevelt announce that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, and war was declared. Words cannot describe my feelings. There we were, two American women missionaries about 160 miles away from Manila. I tried to call Manila to get in touch with the Methodist headquarters to ask what we should do but failed, as the lines were taken over by the army. So were the buses and rails.

Our first thoughts were for the students in the missionary school—about thirty—from distant provinces in the Philippines. We two decided to send them immediately to their homes, and what a task that was! We prepared lunches for them but we did not have enough paper to wrap them in, so I tore up sheets and used them. All left school for the bus station but, to our surprise, they all returned. As I said before, all transportation was taken over by the army. The dangers mainly were in the Japanese navy coming in on boats, and bombing was going on over our heads by the Japanese.

Then we had to make plans to get the students to an air base about eighty miles from Manila. We had a chauffeur and an old car. The girls had to leave most of their baggage, and we packed them in the car one upon the other almost. In two days, all the girls were evacuated. Our chauffeur had a lot of trouble with the army. They were going to confiscate the car but the driver said, "You cannot have it. I have two American women in Lingayen that I must rescue before the Japanese get there," so they let him keep it.

We two missionaries, the principal of our Bible school, a Filipino, one woman and the pastor of our church left for San Manuel close to a mountain, about eighty miles away. Of course, we couldn't take much with us—only a suitcase or two. Had to leave the rest. It came to me, "Blessed is nothing." I had left so much in the Korean evacuation, and now what I had was left at our evacuation center. We had a large Methodist church, and the church members and we two missionaries stayed at the pastor's home (a Filipino pastor). The principal of the high school who lived with us in Lingayen had left in the car the school had. They evacuated their students to a place called Tayug, not too far from where we were. After several days, the Filipino doctor came to see me. He was sent by a teacher who had been living with us at Lingayen. A hospital where this doctor was in charge had wounded American soldiers. The teacher told him about my being a nurse and suggested he get me there to take care of the soldiers. So I asked Miss Dyer, who had also been a missionary in Korea, if she would come with me. I told her she could be preparing supplies at the hospital, so she did it. It was not very far from where we were. We took only a light suitcase with us, expecting to come back to this place.

We had to cross a river, and as we came across there were Japanese airplanes above us. We had to get out of the car and lie down by the side of the road until they were gone. We got to Tayug, the place where the doctor had come from, two days before Christmas Eve in 1941. We stayed at the Filipino home where this teacher lived. The morning of Christmas Eve Miss Dyer and I wanted to go back to San Manuel, where we had come from, for the rest of our baggage that we had left there, so we set out to find transportation. We hailed a jeep driven by a Filipino, that came along. He was going to San Manuel and said we could ride with him. I climbed in the back seat and sat on the bare springs—it was a little bit awkward.

We were just ready to cross the river when a jeep full of American soldiers came from San Manuel, where we were going. They asked us where we were going and we told them we were on our way to San Manuel to pick up our baggage, and we explained to them who we were. They said, "No, you cannot go. We are withdrawing from there and the Japanese are very close." So they asked us to turn back and they would not let us go.

Then as we were turning back, they said they wanted to send with us a wounded soldier they had with them. They placed the wounded boy beside me in the back seat and I was trying to support him. He was badly wounded and he felt bad, because he was bleeding and was afraid I would get my dress soiled. I said, "Never mind my dress—it can be washed." I did not mind at all and was glad I could support him in his suffering. So we never got back to our place, and what we had left the Japanese got.

After the war, I heard the pastor say that the Japanese soldiers came into his house. I had left a white straw summer hat hanging on the wall of the room where I had been staying. These Japanese soldiers saw the hat and one said, "That belongs to an American," and as he said it he drew a gun and fired through it. Good thing my head wasn't in it at the time!

The hatred the Japanese had for us was shown in this incident and many others I lived through while in the Philippines.

As we returned to the home, the superintendent of the high school, Mrs. Crump, told us that the mayor of the city called her and said, "Get out of this city as fast as you can. I cannot give any promise to protect you Americans." We were certainly in a tight place. We were 160 miles or more from Manila. He said that to get to Manila was the only thing we could do. The high school where Mrs. Crump had been the principal had evacuated the youth to Tayug. They had an old car and she got permission to get the driver and evacuate us to the nearest railroad station, which was a four-hour ride from where we were. We got the driver but had a hard time to get him to understand where we wanted to go. We had to pay double price because the trip was dangerous. Japanese planes were bombing everywhere but we finally got him to take us.

On our way, we met some of our soldiers who cheered us up by saying, "Don't worry, American forces are on their way to relieve us." Little did they know what was in store for them. All along the way, American soldiers were placed at the bridges and they were planning to blow them up as soon as their army tanks and trucks had moved over them.

Paniqui was the name of the city where the nearest railroad station was located. We were strangers in this town. We didn't know anybody. We asked the Filipino man if there was a Methodist church in this town but he didn't know; he said there was a Catholic church. Then we asked another man and he told us how to reach the Methodist church. This was Christmas Eve, 1941. No trains were running on that day. The pastor moved out of one room and took us in, and we were grateful for the room he gave us. Christmas Eve, and we were heartsick in our situation, downhearted, and not knowing how we would come out, but we tried to make the best of this Christmas Eve. I had brought with me a few sandwiches and a small jar of dried beef. My two companions said they couldn't eat anything. They were too discouraged and downhearted, but I said to them, "I must eat, and I have never starved on a Christmas Eve. We are to eat and rejoice in eating, even if it is our last," and so in this pastor's home we took courage and ate the things we had. Then we retired—slept on the floor. Beneath the house were some chickens and a pig, and they were rather noisy. The Filipino home was built up on high poles and underneath was an open space for the animals.

That night our army was withdrawing and there was terrific noise from the trucks and tanks. All night long we did not sleep much. I was thinking about the angels on that first Christmas as they were singing, 2,000 years ago, "Peace on earth, good will to all men." How different this was. There we were, preparing for war, and to kill, and I felt sad. Next morning, in the dark at 6:00 A.M., we went to the railroad station. Finally the train came, crowded to the limit, but we squeezed on. We had a six-hour ride on this train to reach Manila. Several times the train stopped because of Japanese airplanes overhead. We were all ordered to get off the train and flop down on the ground, and that we had to do several times. We were told afterward that we had barely left the town where we had been staying the night before, when it was bombed by the Japanese airplanes. Around noon on Christmas Day we reached Manila.

This was the last train from Paniqui for Manila for the next three-and-one-half years. How thankful we were that we were able to get on this train and escape from the pursuing Japanese army, and how thankful we were for God's protection that day. Again I realized that the promises of God are forever true. He never leaves His own.

There was a school in Manila for the training of deaconesses. Here we found all the missionaries in Manila gathered together and what a welcome we had. In all, there were thirty-two missionaries. They had never heard a word from us for several days, and they were indeed surprised to see us when we three women arrived. If ever I have enjoyed a bath it was at this time. We had flopped into the dirt when we were ordered to get off the train, and we were told to put our faces down on the ground in order to protect our heads. It certainly was messy and we looked grimy.

We had a thankgiving service that night, thanking God for our safe arrival in Manila, and that we were together with the rest of the missionaries there. On Christmas Day, the post office informed us that day was the last day we could send telegrams home to America. They sent a man to collect them. As I was starting to write my telegram, we had an air raid over us with Japanese airplanes bombing the city. Down on the floor we flopped so we could be in the only safe place there was while the planes were over the city. As I lay there, I wrote these words to my sister in Chicago, "I am safe and well in Manila." That was the last word they heard from me for the next three-and-one-half years. After I got out of the internment camp, they all teased me and said, "How could you write that you were safe and well in Manila?" But that was all I could think of at that time.

The bombing was awful. The fires were raging all around the city. The armed forces were preparing to withdraw from Manila to make a last stand on Bataan against the Japanese army, and the U.S. army was destroying all the gun installations in and around Manila. They destroyed everything so it wouldn't fall into the hands of the Japanese army. It was a very frightening and trying time for all of us and I can tell you that that night I was again assured of God's faithfulness in protecting His people. I read Psalm 50:15, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me." No matter what the evils, if you are in God and surrounded by Him, all evil has to pass through Him before it comes to you. When I can't understand I can trust, knowing that God has the situation well in hand. It is a comfort to drop the tangles of life into God's hands and leave them there. God's message to me was to be strong and I took courage. "Be still and know that I am God." I do not know what is before me but I trust.

I went one Sunday morning to our Methodist church in Manila. I was so downhearted, sad, weary, and I thought that I could hardly do anything more. We had been told by the American military forces that they were withdrawing from Manila, and they said they could do nothing more for us to try to protect us. They told us to stay where we were, and that the Japanese army would enter Manila as they were withdrawing. Hearing those words, I bowed my head and it was hard to keep my tears away.

The preacher, a young Filipino pastor, started to pray and his prayer was a song from our Methodist hymnal. The song was No. 73 and it says, "Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side. Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain. Leave to thy God to order and provide. In every change, He faithful will remain. Be still, my soul. Thy best, thy heavenly Friend, through thorny ways leads to a joyful end. Be still, my soul, thy God doth undertake to guide the future as He has the past. Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake. All, now mysterious, shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul, the waves and winds still know His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below. Be still, my soul, the hour is hastening on when we shall be forever with the Lord. When disappointment, grief and fear are gone, sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored. Be still, my soul. When change and tears are past, all safe and blessed we shall meet at last." This prayer gave me strength to face the future. A short time after this, the Filipino pastor, whose prayer I have quoted, stood outside his church and was killed by Japanese shrapnel. Sad, indeed.

CHAPTER V

Internment

January 9, 1942, we were interned by the Japanese. First they tried to place us in the large Catholic college in Manila. I was interned three different times during the next three years, and they were long years. All we could take with us was what we could carry in our hands. I had a flashlight with me in my suitcase, but the Japanese searched every suitcase and they took that flashlight of mine. I wasn't very happy about that. Then we were dumped on the cement floor in the hall with no bedding—nothing, just a cement floor. The next day we were able to talk to our Filipino cook over the high fence surrounding the college campus. He brought us some bedding that had to come in over the fence. Were we glad to get a pillow and a blanket! Then he also brought a little food to us. It was a very trying experience but we were internees of the Japanese army. With the Japanese army was a group of Japanese ministers, who were sort of go-betweens for the army and the Filipino prisoners. The Japanese preachers wanted to keep good relations.

The Filipino preachers asked these ministers to ask the Japanese army to release all the missionaries. The Japanese preachers got in touch with the Japanese army, and they released all the missionaries. We Methodists went back to the school where we had been before, and so did the other denominations' missionaries. We were not allowed to go back to our homes—only in groups could we leave and we were in mild internment, you might say, guarded by Japanese. If we wanted to go out, we were to wear an armband on our arm that said "Enemy Alien." We were allowed to run our own household and buy our own food, so we could go to the market with this red armband on.

Of course, food was already scarce in Manila, but we did not starve and we were able to buy enough for our daily supplies. I had charge of the kitchen for a year and, with the help of two Filipino boys, I was able to manage. There were thirty-two of our Methodist missionaries living together. I used to bake rolls with cassava flour that was made from the roots, and it made the rolls very heavy but the people were glad to have something to eat. We used a good deal of cracked wheat that the Red Cross sent into the Philippines. We used that for breakfast food. We were able to buy duck eggs and they smelled pretty bad when they were cooked, but they were nourishing so we ate them.

Then, in 1943, we were interned at Los Baños, thirty-five miles south of Manila. We were not told where the Japanese were going to take us or what they were going to do with us. They just told us to be ready. They picked us up in trucks and told us we could take with us what we could carry. They allowed us to take camp cots to sleep on. We spent one night on the floor where the others were interned. Men, women and children—we were all in one room. The next day, in the morning, they woke us up and gave us a hard-boiled egg and bread for breakfast. Then they loaded us in trucks. We had to stand up in them, they were so packed. We were taken to the railroad station. There were 500 of us—half Catholics and half Protestants. We didn't know where they were going to take us or what they were going to do with us.

Los Baños, as I said, was thirty-five miles south of Manila. At noon we reached the camp and we found long barracks made out of bamboo and nipa palms. They had about twenty-eight of those in Los Baños, which had been an agricultural college before the Japanese took it for an internment camp. I was in a room with 90 women—cubicles for six on each side. A hallway, you might call it, in the middle where anyone could walk through, night or day, with no walls or protection. We were open, as it were, living on a platform. Each cubicle had a lattice made of nipa palms that we could open. We had no privacy. The floors were made of round bamboo poles with openings between each pole so you had to walk carefully—you couldn't have high heels in those days. There we were dumped with what we had with us. Nothing to sit on. The kitchen was a cement floor with a roof over it—no walls. In the middle of the floor were huge iron kettles. There we came, with the dishes we had taken with us, to be served and sat outside on the grass to eat.

We did some organizing as we came in, to have some people in charge, and so we elected the official committees. The head of the kitchen was a Catholic Father, and for a cook we had a Seventh Day Adventist man. Other officers were also elected to the official board.

Then our men, the Catholics and the Protestants alike, started to work in the camp. The grass was high, almost over our heads. They started to dig some ditches and cut the grass, and tried in every way to make it livable. We were allowed to run the camp by ourselves with Japanese guards, of course, all around us. Also, some men had to get water into the camp. Until they got that in, we went to a stream outside the camp to wash our clothes, also with Japanese guards.

Before we came there, there were 1,500 prisoners, but the Japanese put up a fence so we couldn't mingle with them. This lasted for some months before we were allowed to visit with them.

There was land around where we were able to start gardens for greens to add to our diet. We women helped in the kitchen to clean the rice and corn, which had stones and whatnot in it that had to be picked over. We also found weevils in it and laughingly said they would put a little more protein in our diet! The greens we got were from sweet potato vines. They were very different and many were unable to eat them, but I ate them just to get a balanced diet. We used a great many mango beans for soup.

The first year we were able to buy fruit and bread from Filipino merchants who were allowed into the camp, but that privilege was taken away from us after awhile and our money was giving out, also. We were allowed to have one barracks for school, because we had sixty or more children in our group. There were teachers in our group who had to teach without textbooks. Also, we started a dispensary when we were able, with the few drugs we had at our disposal, to help those who became ill. In the same barracks we had church services, etc. Some drugs we had, but they gave out very soon.

One of the first things we did was to try to get some stools to sit on. Off in the grass were small pieces of board left from the barracks when they were being made. After we found the boards, we wondered how to get nails. One of the ladies in my barracks had a magnet, so we tied a string to it and fished beneath the bamboo floor and found some. We were hilarious every time we picked up a nail this way.

One man had a handsaw with him and with that I made seven stools, some with three legs and some with four. One day I was out in the long grass looking for boards. Under a bush I found a paper bag full of nails. I sat down and cried for joy. It was like a bagful of gold. Then I brought them home and hid them under my bed. We were not sure of all around us. One day I put a piece of soap up on the ledge in the bathhouse and the next day it was gone. Then I made a bedside table which came in handy and I was very proud of that table. The reason I made seven stools was because there were some ladies who couldn't make them. They had never handled a hammer or a nail, but I liked carpentry so I enjoyed myself very much making those stools.

For recreation we had to make up our own programs. We had a show of all the different stools at one time and, to my surprise, mine won a prize—two cigars someone had in the camp. That was what I was given for the best stool made by a woman. Several men offered me some rice that they had for the cigars, so they would have something to smoke. Cigarettes, cigars and any kind of tobacco were hard to get.

In the evening, the lights were turned off about 7:00. To have something to guide us to go to the bathroom at night, we would catch lightning bugs (they were plentiful in the Philippines), and put them in bottles to hang in the hallways that went through the barracks. At least we could see our directions.

While in camp, I learned the meaning of the Lord's Prayer. It was through the Japanese military aggression that I was forced out of Korea and had to leave my life's work. Then I went to the Philippines, was interned, etc. When my conscience bothered me I was able, when I read that prayer, to put away the feelings of dislike.

When you say the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," you realize you must obey. And so time went on. We tried to live the best way possible in the camp.

Then when there were not many greens left in our gardens, the Japanese guards took some of us women outside the camp to a nearby hill. We also searched for pieces of boards and nails. We almost wrecked the barracks because we were looking for everything we could possibly lay our hands on, but we had a jolly good time. On the way home we were loaded up with all kinds of boards we had found in the grass. I saw four Catholic sisters carrying home a big bench they had found that would seat at least four persons, and I can assure you I carried all I could. When I got home I hid the boards under the bed, which was the safest and best place for them. So we enjoyed the trip, even though we were under guard.

One problem in the camp was shoes—they wore out and, of course, there was no way of getting more. We had some men in the camp who tried to mend our holey, old shoes but soon the supplies were gone, and they did not have much to work with in the beginning. One man in the camp had an extra pair of shoes he wanted to sell. I tried them on and they fit me but, of course, I had no money; but I did have an extra watch so he got the watch and I got the shoes. They weren't the best, but they were shoes. After awhile the sole on one shoe came loose, and the man who had done the repairs had no material to sew it on with. He had a piece of wire and so he used that but, in time, it broke. So there I was with my shoe that couldn't be mended. Such is life in an internment camp—sometimes too serious and other times a little funny.

Most all of the men wore shorts and I did not have many dresses, but even those that were worn and ragged I wore anyway. Style was "out" in the camp and we had to manage with what we had.

Then another little tragedy happened during my camp stay. Above my camp cot I had hung a shopping bag with one pair of clean socks I had saved as I prized them very highly, hoping that some day if I was liberated I would at least have a pair of socks to put on. One day I took down the bag to look and what did I find? A rat had chewed up my stockings and made a nice nest, and in it I found four little baby rats. Oh, my disgust! I sat down and wept, and felt that I had lost something worth wearing. The rats ran wild in the camp. They were great big ones, too.

Then, in the early fall of 1944, when the Japanese were losing the war in the Pacific Islands, they took it out on us. They cut down our food supply and started to give us only two meals a day, mostly rice cooked in water, corn and some watery soup made with the roots of something. There was no protein or food value in it. We searched all over the camp for seeds and roots to eat. Some of the seeds were good, but were not available long. There were 2,000 people searching for all these greens outside. We had less than 80 calories a day, which was a starvation diet. About one cup in the morning and one cup at night were all we got of the rice and corn.

One day the guards took some of us outside the camp to a hill to pick wild greens. We found a kind of pigweed. It looked like a big thistle, with sharp thorns and small leaves on it. It took a long time, picking the small leaves, to get a cupful. The thorns were bothersome and we all had sore fingers. They were some greens, though, to add to the starchy carbohydrates they fed us, so we did eat them. We ate anything, we were so desperately hungry.

Another problem that occurred in the camp was to get fuel to cook the rice and corn with. The men cut down some lotus trees within the camp. On those trees there were little pods with tiny seeds inside and I picked and picked for hours to get enough. Then I cooked them in water with a little salt I happened to have. They were very bitter but I held my nose and ate them anyway. I realized I had to have something besides the carbohydrates. Throughout the camp, the cats and dogs that had been there disappeared, and we found young boys looking around for snakes which they could catch and eat. Another thing which the people found they could eat were slugs, found under stones. They were flat, round, vicious things with a gray tint and they looked awful, very slimy, and that was one thing I just couldn't eat although a great many people did. Malnutrition was evident and many suffered from beriberi, a lack of protein. That became common, and some died. All had to be buried inside the camp. The hunger pains were terrible. We walked around like skeletons in the camp.

We had no news because the Japanese had taken away the radios. Some news we got from the guards but most of it was not true. One Sunday I went to church, and the preacher read the 23rd Psalm. I heard the words when he said, "Pass through the valley of the shadow of death." Then I fainted, and my head rested on the shoulder of my friend who was sitting next to me. They couldn't do anything, because there was a blackout and planes were over the camp. I came to, and two of the men helped me back to my bed. The doctor we had in the camp came to see me and, of course, told me I was suffering from malnutrition but there was nothing to do for it—nothing available in camp. It was a rather trying experience but through it all the good Lord kept me. And I was fortunate I did not have beriberi, as so many of the internees had. Such was our lot during part of our internment. I made up my mind to be happy in spite of suffering. I had companionship with God, and faith in God that I was in His care and He was beside me. And what a comfort that gave me to stand the trials and tribulations.

Freedom by the American army came just in time. The hunger pains were growing and the fever and malnutrition were making headway. Christmas of 1944 was bleak and sad. Then the first of February, 1945, the executive committee announced to us that the Japanese refused to bring any more food into the camp and they said, "The strongest of you may live for a month." At this time we got one meal a day of watery rice with corn. You can be sure that a lot of prayer was going forth from the camp. Word got around that the Japanese planned to kill us all—what was the use of saving us? Then on February 22nd, in the evening, I read in my Bible the 37th chapter of Isaiah before I went to sleep.

I read how the King got a letter from the Assyrian King. When the servants of King Hezekiah came to Isaiah with the letter, Isaiah said to them, "Say to your master, Thus says the Lord, Do not be afraid because of the words that you have heard which the King of Assyria has said." Hezekiah took the letter, spread it before the Lord in the house of the Lord, and prayed.

Then I prayed, "Dear Lord, what you did for Hezekiah (he was assured that God would give him victory over his enemies) you can do for us here in our camp." I had faith in God. Many in the camp were praying. The memory comes back of that wonderful evening and what it did for me. The Lord heard me pray. I do believe in miracles and after my prayer, I closed my Bible and went into a peaceful sleep.

At 7:00 A.M., the next morning, we went outside the barracks to be counted by the Japanese guards, as we had to do each morning. As I came out of the barracks, I looked up to the hills and hoped for help from the Lord. As I looked to the hills saying, "Our help cometh from the Lord," at that moment I saw nine airplanes coming toward the camp. As they came in front of the camp, the boys parachuted down, and it looked to me as when an umbrella opens. It was wonderful. Then I heard one of the Catholic men say, "Look, the angels are coming down from heaven."

We had heard nothing about what was going on. Word had gotten somehow to General MacArthur about us, and he had asked for volunteers to rescue prisoners. We were told that about twenty-five boys from the 11th Airborne Division had responded. On Laguna Bay, not far from the camp, were some amphibian tanks. Laguna Bay was near our camp. In the hills around the camp, the Filipino guerillas had gathered.

The guards were having their morning calisthenics about which the Japanese were very enthusiastic. They had their guns in certain places. The guerillas came and got the guns and started shooting the guards. We were on the floors in the barracks. Then the American soldiers came in and said, "We have come to rescue you. Don't stay to pack anything. Grab your clothing and come. We must leave very quickly. The Japanese army is coming and is not very far from here." I grabbed a few dresses, but I forgot all the belts and everything that went with them. Then I went outdoors where the tanks were. There were twenty-eight of those tanks and we were so packed in that we had to stand up in them. We had one stretcher case with us also—a man who was not able to walk. We got to Laguna Bay safely and had to stop only once when the Japanese snipers fired on us. How glad and thankful we were when we reached the other side of Laguna Bay!

Rescued were 2,145 internees within a few hours.

You can hardly understand what it means to be deprived of all necessities, plus papers, letters, news, and other information for more than three years. One feels completely out of touch with normal events. You will never know what a wonderful thrill it was to see uniformed men jumping from planes, floating quickly and quietly to earth, until you have lived behind prison walls, and you realize these men are your own countrymen landing at the prison gates to effect your release. You will never know that deafening roar of sheer impact that travels with amphibian tanks until you see them cross walls that have confined you for long, dreary months and hear the soldiers shout in your own tongue, "Come on, let's get going. We've got to be out of here in two minutes."

As we got out of the amphibian tanks, we were placed in big trucks and started for Bilibid Prison which was formerly the state prison of the Philippines—and was about one hour's ride away. On the way, the Filipinos talked to us wildly. This place had been taken from the Japanese army only a few days before our rescue, our forces moved in and all prisoners were removed. As we entered the camp, the Red Cross gave each one a chocolate Hershey bar. I swallowed mine almost whole because I was so desperately hungry, and was it ever good! The next thing we got was two cups of bean soup. I never liked bean soup as a young child at home, but this time it tasted so good I could never describe it. As dawn arrived, we had a thanksgiving service under the blue sky and what a wonderful thanksgiving it was. We had to sleep on hard board bunks, and were allowed one Army blanket. As skinny as all of us were, it was difficult to lie on the hard boards but we were grateful.

It was no small job for the army to accommodate over 2,000 internees. The medical unit of the Army had not arrived when we came. They came a few days later. Our food was limited at first because we had not eaten for so long and could not digest rich food. We were in this camp for about six weeks. The planes brought in food and supplies every day. The war was still going on all around the camp, so the road to Manila was not open. But finally the Japanese had to leave and our forces took Manila, so supplies could then be brought in by truck. I had lived with enough danger and excitement to last me a whole lifetime. We all were grateful to General MacArthur for his help in rescuing us. We all rejoiced in the liberation and thanked God.

The day of the rescue, a newspaper in Manila reported it, and quoted General MacArthur. "He (the General) acclaimed the rescue as a military feat with the best precision and timing he had ever heard of. And he said, 'God surely was with us in our undertaking today.' He considered it an act of God."

On the morning of December 30th, I read chapter 31 of the prophet Jeremiah, especially the 13th chapter. "I will turn their mourning into joy, I will comfort them, and give them gladness for sorrow." I thanked the Lord for our rescue. God's promises never fail.

Then came orders to remove us from the camp. We were taken in trucks and placed aboard a warship, which had been brought into Manila Bay with soldiers from America. Before we left the camp, they gave us some clothing, which all of us needed. They had some for both men and women that the Red Cross had brought in, but there were more men's than women's and not enough for all. So I had to get a man's outfit. I got a lieutenant's gray-brown shirt and one overcoat, so those two things were what I traveled in when I left the Philippines. It did keep me warm but it wasn't perhaps the latest style. When I got to Los Angeles and got off the boat I forgot it. We were comfortable on the warship—good food, three times a day. General MacArthur had ordered that we should be fed three times daily. I understood the boys who were shipped over to the Philippines got only two meals a day, but he said we needed it and he ordered it.

Many of us had no papers or passports, and as we landed in Hawaii a whole group of officers came on board to help. They were very well-dressed and the first we had seen in 3 1/2 years. Most of the men in camp wore shorts. The officers said we could look at them all we wanted to, and we had a laugh from that.

We landed in Los Angeles and were taken in buses to the Elks Club. Then they planned for us at certain hotels and what heaven to have a clean room and be able to get out to buy what we needed. We had a royal welcome from everyone and we did appreciate it. We had good food. As we were traveling through Los Angeles in the buses, we saw the large supermarkets loaded with food and we were almost hilarious. One of the drivers said, "What's the matter with you people? What kind of folks are you? Haven't you seen any food before?" But we told him who we were and he realized our situation. Another thing that surprised us were all the fat people walking around. We were all so thin.

Then the time came to get us off to our different destinations. Special trains were provided. We left in the evening. I got a redcap to help me get on the train, but by some mistake he put me on the wrong train. At supper time I went to the dining car and soon the conductor came and looked at my ticket. He said I had taken the place that was for another lady. He asked me to get off the train. You can imagine how I felt. I got all upset because I didn't know California, and it was late at night. I went to the ticket window after I got off the train to try to have someone help me.

When I told the man what had happened, he said he didn't know anything about it and didn't have time to bother, and he closed the window in my face. There I was alone, half-starved in a strange city, and at that time it was hard to get transportation. I sat down on a bench and cried, not knowing what to do. Then a young couple with two boys came and asked if they could do anything for me. When they looked at me, they realized I was in trouble. I told them the circumstances and about the man at the ticket window who wasn't even polite to me.

The lady said they had been trying to get someone else to take his place but had not been able to do it as yet. I was certainly comforted by having the lady talk to me. Then she said to her husband, "Go out in the railroad yard and see if there is a train coming in." He ran out as fast as he could and in a short time he came back beaming, saying there was a train out there, so we all ran out. Sure enough, that was the train I should have been on. I had my reservation there.

To this day, I thank God for that family for helping me when I didn't know what to do, and was feeling so bad and helpless. I was so glad to get on the train with the rest of the internees and we had a good trip to Chicago. When I got to the station I met my two sisters and their families and some friends, and what a joy that was. They were all shocked to see me because I was so thin and skinny. My friends teasingly said, "You look like a monkey." It was true because I had lost so much weight, and I wasn't feeling up to par either. Then my brother-in-law told my sister, "You be sure to feed her whipped cream, plenty of butter and other good food." I can assure you that was the truth, and I shall never forget because of the hunger experience that had been mine.

Then to find something for me to wear, as I had things that had been worn for years. I had a pair of shoes my brother-in-law took out and put by the garbage can for the man to take away but they sat there for days, and he said, teasingly, that the garbage man didn't even want to take them they were so worn; and, of course, that was true, but finally they disappeared. I didn't buy many clothes until I had gained some weight. It was no use buying them while I was so skinny.

No one will fully understand the awful hunger and agony I went through during the ordeal of the years of internment. You have to go through the experience to understand what hunger is.

And unkind people hurt—like my experience with that station master in California. I felt that I had been in the internment camp with the Japanese, who didn't like us, and then it was hard to come home and meet with that type of man. But also, how wonderful to remember what good, kind people will do for you when you are in need! So I appreciated the kindness of my family and friends.

In 1945, I received a letter from the United States Army Forces in the Far East. The subject was the award of the Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon to individuals named therein. And then were listed the names of all the internees and, of course, mine was among them. The letter read, "The Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon is awarded by the commanding general, General MacArthur, of the United States Army Forces in the Far East, to the following named internees who have, by their fortitude and courage, contributed to the success of the Philippine campaign." So we were honored by getting this ribbon and we really appreciated General

MacArthur's generosity. He was the one who had helped get us out of the internment camp, so we will always be grateful for what he did.

Some time after receiving this ribbon, I was on my way to Chicago from Minneapolis. At the railroad station I was wearing the ribbon. An MP, the military police that they had at that time, stopped me and said, "Madam, you have no right to wear that ribbon." I had my letter and showed him that I was awarded this ribbon by General MacArthur, and he begged my pardon. He, of course, did not know the reason I was wearing it. He said so many of the young girl friends of the GI's would wear them and that was against the rules.

After a few months of rest and good food, I was ready to do some work. I turned to our Methodist Hospital in Chicago. They took me in and were very kind and helpful to me at Bethany Hospital. I had been away for almost thirty-five years and so many new things had happened with medicines, treatments, etc. I was fearful and wondered how I would get along. I was so behind in knowledge of the new drugs and treatments so I had to learn anew. I thought, though, that you are never too old to learn, so I spent a year nursing in the hospital. Nursing has always been a joy to me. My two sisters boarded me in their homes all that time without any charge. Bless them for it! I soon gained all my strength back; also, gained in weight, which was perhaps not the best thing, but it certainly was marvelous to have enough food to eat. I gained steadily and enjoyed my life.

In the spring of 1946, my sisters and a brother in Sweden asked me to come for a visit with them. It was a joy to see my homeland again. No matter where one travels, a childhood place never loses its attraction. After Christmas in

1946, I came back to the United States and in 1947 it was possible to return to Korea after seven years' absence.

It was in 1940 that I was forced out of Korea so in October, 1947, I came back to find a changed land. There was awful destruction all over and the 38th Parallel had been established. The hospital had been sold to a private concern while I was away—also, the home I had lived in. A Korean family was living in it and I was not able to move in there.

Finally, the Methodist church was able to get the property and the hospital back, but my house they could not get at this time so I had to live in the mission home with other ladies. And I would travel back and forth in a jeep that I raised the money for while I was at home.

I had spoken one day to a group of women in Chicago and read a letter from our treasurer in Korea saying, "Be sure to try to get some transportation to bring with you when you come." The day after my speech a lady phoned me saying, "I have $2,000 for you to get the jeep to bring with you when you return to Korea." That was an answer to prayers. Praying and work never fail. Praying is an attitude of the heart toward God, coming before Him with the problems, large or small, that demand His power. He possesses all the resources. God attaches Himself to men who will ask and seek.

As we left Korea in 1940, when the Christians were persecuted by the government, we were wondering how the Christian faith would hold. When we came back in 1947, we found most of them strong in their faith. Many had died as martyrs —preachers, bishops and laymen. After we got our churches back, crowds came. In some churches we had two services every Sunday. Forty to fifty new members, and always our young people who had been trained in the Christian school and seminary and had kept the faith. Ministers there had a wonderful evangelistic zeal.

My hospital had different management. It was taken over by the largest university in Korea and a Korean doctor was in charge, so my work was hospital housekeeping, which I enjoyed. Then I was also in charge of a dispensary in Inchon, about twenty-five miles from Seoul. I had to travel there two or three times a week to supervise this dispensary work. Also, I did public health supervision in a city in the southern part of Korea. It was a different Korea—so many changes had taken place. The Koreans got their independence from Japan in 1945, and Korea had been occupied by Japan since 1910. With liberation came the 38th Parallel, which was tragic—a small country like Korea to be divided in half, with industry and mining mostly in the north, and agriculture mostly in the southern part of the country. Much destruction had taken place during the war. Churches and schools were destroyed. There was a lot of rehabilitation necessary and about 1,000,000 Koreans on the move, escaping from the north to the south.

CHAPTER VI

Retirement

After thirty years in Korea and five years in the Philippines, my foreign missionary career came to an end in June, 1950. I lost everything, almost all my earthly belongings, in my fifth evacuation. For several months we had heard that the northern Communists were ready to invade the south but we carried on our work as usual. Then, in June, things began to get tense and on June 25th we heard there was trouble on the 38th Parallel, and the Communists invaded the southern part of Korea. Late that evening we heard over the radio, "All Americans, stand by your radios for news." At midnight, things sounded very serious. I told the friend that I was living with, "I have been in four evacuations already. I know about them. I am going up to the attic and get my suitcase." I really didn't expect what was going to happen, but it was more on the light side that I expressed myself in that way.

Then at 1:00 A.M. came the shock. All radios carried a message from the American army, and when an order comes from the military you don't question—you just obey. I can assure you it was a shock, and perhaps I never had had such a nervous shock as I had at this time. Five of us missionary women went in a station wagon to the Consulate. My feeling at this time was odd. I cannot describe it with words. But I did pray. As our group of 400 women and children traveled the twenty-five miles to the city of Inchon in the dark of the morning, I recalled a line from a song, "The night is dark and I am far from home. Lead Thou me on." Prayers have power that we know not of to heal, to comfort, and provide. And so we reached the city and were so glad to see it. The reason we had to reach it so early was because we had to cross a river and they were afraid bombing would destroy the bridge. Hence the sudden departure from Seoul to Inchon.

At Inchon we were placed on a freight boat that had come to Korea with fertilizers. Half was unloaded. The rest went with us to Japan. The boat had accommodations for 12 passengers and they had to take 400 of us. We were placed on deck and all over, with an army blanket for bedding. It was all right until the next day. It rained and we who were on deck had to go down where the fertilizers were. And what a smell there was! But we survived. Food and dishes were some problem. But thanks for tin cans. After two nights and days, we landed safely in Yokohama, Japan. There the U.S.A. military took care of us until we reached Tokyo, Japan, where the Methodist Board took care of their missionaries. After 6 weeks there, I flew home to America.

I was retired in 1952 by the Women's Missionary Board of the Methodist Church. I laid it down, this work of mine, and took what had been sent me: a restful time. The Master's voice has called me to rest apart—with Jesus only in my heart.

Also in 1952, the Federation of Methodist Women had a conference in Berkeley, California, and I was a delegate to a very inspiring time, meeting with the wonderful Methodist delegates from all over the world.

On my way home, I stopped in San Francisco. One afternoon I went to a restaurant for afternoon refreshment. It was there I met a soldier, who started to talk to me. He had no money to get a railroad ticket. The government had given him the money but the evening before he had been out with girls and spent it, and he was in trouble. I gave him some motherly advice. How foolish to spend money on girls, when the money was for his ticket. Poor boy, he felt bad and he had learned his lesson.

I told him who I was, a retired missionary, and that missionaries don't have too much extra money. He promised me faithfully that if I would loan him money he would pay it back. He needed $20.00 and I gave it to him. I was reminded of the Bible verse about loaning money to those in need, "Give to him who asks it of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away." Then after two months there came a letter from him with a money order for $20.00. He wrote me a wonderful letter and wished me God's blessings, and I was very happy to have helped in his hour of need.

The American GI's in Korea did a great job of helping the poor and helpless people after the war. Before the cease-fire came, Korea was called the most devastated land on earth. But what the Communists destroyed, Christian nations have helped rebuild. More than 3,000,000 persons fled south across the border. Half of the churches in the country were behind the barrier and they soon were closed. Church bells rang no longer. American and Korean troops must continue guarding the 38th Parallel twenty-four hours a day. Some years ago, a visitor to Korea said, "If one would discover what the Christian life really means, go to Korea."

There were thousands of orphans in Korea, so orphanages had to be set up everywhere to help these many orphans. At one orphanage where there were about 120, an American GI was in charge. One day he found that they had 3¢ in the orphanage account. He said he was not a man of prayer but, at that time, he felt compelled to pray. He had a Christian Korean doctor and a Christian nurse to help. He knew they were really Christians and knew how to pray. The GI said later that he knew they had the power that "came from upstairs." It was rather interesting to read of this account and I am glad he realized there is power from above, and that the Lord is able to answer prayers.

As I have said before, I am thankful to the Lord for the privilege I had of serving in Korea for thirty years, training Korean nurses. They were fine girls and became wonderful nurses. Perhaps this specific nurse was one that I had the privilege of training. The Bible says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and to you it shall return." That is the truth, when you see these Christian doctors and nurses perform wonderful work for humanity.

After thirty-five years, I had to look for a place to live and some work to do. For a long time I was searching for a place to live, and I had to find the right one. For a missionary who has been in the field for thirty-five years, it is not easy to settle down when you come home, and to find living quarters and suitable work. One day, after being out all day, I came home late in the evening very discouraged. In my prayers that evening I said to the Lord, "I have looked hard all day, I have prayed, and I have gone for many days finding nothing. Now, if you can, help me, please—I am sunk." Prayer and work help. I did not mean to say I was sunk, but, in a way, I was kind of desperate and needed some help. As I said, "Prayer and work help."

The next morning, I had a call asking me to come to one of the downtown hotels to care for an elderly lady who needed help. I went and stayed five years with her in her home at the hotel. It really was a good job. I was living there with her and I did enjoy it. They were five happy years.

Then in 1960 the lady did not need my services any longer so I had an opportunity to take a trip to Sweden with my nephew, his wife and three children. They were the children I had helped care for, for a few years. So with this family of five, we flew away to my birthplace in Sweden. It was wonderful to travel in a jet—so fast. We spent about eight weeks in Sweden and then my nephew and his family visited in Europe, but I stayed on in Sweden.

Upon my return, I had to look for a place to live. I had left the hotel, when I went to Sweden, and at this time I met one of the Asbury graduate nurses. She told me of our Deaconess Home that was open for retired nurses and other Christian workers. That was good news to me. I remembered I was in training at Asburg Hospital back when they first broke the ground in 1913. I was just a young girl at that time and did not dream then of living there. But here was the offer for which I will ever be grateful. I moved in September, 1961, and was very happy there. It is a beautiful mansion, most comfortable. It has been remodeled and has all the comforts you could wish for. In charge is a most efficient Asbury graduate nurse. Several of us were retired nurses and a very congenial group of women. It is located near Emmanuel Methodist Church where I have been a member since 1907.

After nine years at our Deaconess Home, I moved to Walker Methodist Residence, where I have been happily situated for three years. I am grateful for my church and now, since I cannot walk to it, I am grateful to the members who take me to church. Old age is interfering with my walking. The doctor says some bones are worn out.

So now has come the time when I have to sit down a good deal, and sometimes I sit in the rocking chair and think. Thirty-five years on the mission field have given me a happy and rewarding life, adventures with God under six flags. If I could live my life over again, I would be a missionary. It has been a most joyous calling of the Lord. To the Christian youth of the land I would say, "Invest your life in Christ's service, if you want to have a happy, useful, and rewarding life."